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### FIELD LILIES.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

Not the ripe, yellow corn  
That proudly looked up to the skies from  
earth;  
Not the full-bladed wheat  
Best with its consciousness of worth;  
Not these the Master took  
For his fair text to teach the hearers by,  
But the wild lilies meek  
He chose from all the train to glorify.

"Consider them," He said;  
And through the long-drawn ages, stretching  
far,  
Where'er the human eye  
Sees lily-cups up-gazing, like a star,  
Comes to the viewer's heart,  
As 'mid the green leaves sheathed they bloom-  
ing stand.

A memory of His words  
Spoken above them, in Judea's land.  
Not those who may shew  
Gather where thick the field is laden white;  
Not those alone who shine  
Unto the world a flaming beacon light;  
But those meek souls as well  
Who lowly, daily tasks to do have tried,  
When the great Master comes  
Shall by His own dear word be glorified.

Unknown, unseen they live,  
And faithful, patient, labor as they wait;  
They bear His coming feet  
Forever as they toil, close at the gate.  
And when at last He comes,  
They who as lilies humbly here did bide,  
Shall shine forevermore  
Within His kingdom set and glorified!  
Methuen, Mass.

### THE GREAT VICTORIES OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY REV. L. WHITE.

The friends of temperance have no occasion for despondency in finding their high expectations not all speedily realized. Reactions under imperfect human leadership are often reminders rather than positive reverses. True enough, we have not done great things. If we are made conscious of this by a seemingly adverse swing of the pendulum, let us not yield to discouragement, but rather let us seek the wisdom and the inspiration to new and higher endeavor which we so much need, by opening our eyes upon what God has wrought in this holy cause. From the beginning He has been the great worker, and He has already done great things for us. His thoughts and His ways have always been higher than man's, and this truth has been signally illustrated in the great movements that have marked the progress of temperance.

How did this work begin, early in the present century, when the evils of intemperance had everywhere become appalling, threatening universal decay; when good men manufactured, drunk and sold distilled liquors freely and without compunction; when in every country store they formed a leading article of trade, often making almost a monopoly of business; when the church and the world seemed under a moral paralysis, all alike unconscious of the night of death which was settling down upon them, and the doom to which they were drifting? It began where every successful reform must begin. It was simply an awakening by the voice of God of the consciences of the good men and women of the time to the stupendous evils of intemperance. And grandly did this birth of a new conscience do its work. The reader need not be told how, within the compass of a decade, as if by magic, from the best homes of the land it banished forever the inebriating cup from the place it had so long held undisputed as a common beverage for the laborer, as a luxury alike at the party, the wedding, the funeral, the raising, the husking, the dedication of a new church edifice, the ordination of a new minister, and even as an indispensable token of respect in receiving a call from the Christian pastor; how it drove the ruinous traffic forever from the place of respectability in trade as an article of common retail, and sent it with the

brand of infamy upon it to the lurking-places of sin and shame; how it saved multitudes of moderate drinkers from the drunkard's doom, to which they were unconsciously hastening; how it removed from a hundred thousand homes a subtle poison that was stealthily wasting the energies and impairing the health of the inmates, and descending in baleful consequences to children and children's children; how it painted the dwellings of laborers, planted trees and flower gardens and built neat fences about them, and added new attractions within; how it lightened the burdens and cheered the hearts of wives and mothers, and supplied the children with better food and more tasteful apparel, and sent them to the church and the school, and gave them a better outfit for the work and battle of life; how it gave to every agency promotive of human well-being a new impulse tending to a higher and purer-toned manhood and womanhood, and made millions of lives nobler and multiplied their value many fold.

This God-inspired movement, silent and unostentatious as it was, despised as it was by an indifferent and besotted public as but a chance wave of fanatic zeal, lightly as it has been regarded in later years by even temperance leaders, little as it has so far attracted attention in history, won for the good cause its great victory. It carried the citadel. If we estimate majorities by the scale of intelligence and moral worth and power of influence for good (and is not this the true way to estimate them?), then this first temperance movement gained the majority. To win the conscience of those who are loyal to its claims, is both to take the main fortress and to man it with an army invincible.

In this great victory we see no parade of human might, military or police, and little of the agency of civil law. But we see everywhere unmistakable indications of the presence and agency of the Spirit of God. It was essentially like every great revival of the work of God in the hearts of men; only in this instance the revival took a special form demanded by a special need, and was confined chiefly to the more Christian portion of the people. It was the conversion of the church to the cause of temperance—the enthronement in the hearts of God's people of conscience on the subject. But do we see nothing of human agency in connection with this revival? Yes, we see the evangelizing agencies of the Christian pulpits and schools and homes of centuries culminating in its very beginning, and we see a new form of consecrated human endeavor springing from it as fruit—all devout Christians, in response to this voice of God to them, coming promptly into the ranks of temperance; we behold henceforth Christian churches of every name the true and healthy and permanent temperance organizations of the land, and their pastors and other leaders earnest laborers in the good cause.

Not less manifest was the work of God in the second great advance in the temperance cause, known as the Washingtonian movement of forty years ago. Unlike the former work, for the greater part restricted to Christian people, the work of this new dispensation began in the haunts and homes of the fallen, and made the salvation of those who had been regarded as hopeless drunkards its specialty. This wide-spread movement was truly wonderful to the timid faith of even the Christian world. It seemed a victory over death. Philosophy had pronounced such a resurrection of fallen manhood absurd, and theology was not yet sufficiently disenthralled to come to the rescue. The church had not learned how much God loves His fallen children, nor have God's children of to-day fully mastered the great lesson of His love. But this miracle of reform was a new revelation. It opened the eyes of all thinking men and women to a broader and diviner view of the possibilities of human redemption. They beheld in rapt surprise the hand of God reaching down to the very hells of society, and taking hold of the wretched inebriate, besotted, enfeebled, maimed in every nerve and every faculty, and lifting him up into

the atmosphere of a new life, and making him whole, and restoring him to society, a devout Christian and a good citizen.

Many thousands of regenerated lives were the trophies of this great revival, and among them some of the noblest benefactors of their generation—notably the faithful pioneer and able leader, John Hawkins, whom I knew, and the then youthful and eloquent, now veteran, and always foremost temperance lecturer in the world; John B. Gough, who lives to bless a generation not his own.

As the first divine baptism in the interest of temperance won the consciences of good men and women to the cause, so the second movement inspired them with a new faith, and won their hearts to its lifelong support. The great movements springing from both have been proved and have stood the tests of time. The results have in a good degree been permanent.

The friends of temperance need not be told that the time to fold their arms has not come. Much less is it not just the time for jubilee. It is a fit time for thoughtfulness, for new consecration to the holy work, perhaps for some revision of our methods. We have, indeed, in our own achievements, nothing to boast of; but in what God has wrought for us in the assured victories of conscience and faith, have we not abundant occasion to join in one grand Te Deum? And may we not, by the attentive, prayerful study of these great victories by which He has opened for us the way, discover the conditions upon which we must ever chiefly depend for success?

### OLD GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, The City of Whitefield and Raikes.

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

"Gloster!"—how familiar the name as the "guard" (i. e., conductor) shouts it from the platform! But as we look out upon that ancient city, how different it looks from its beautiful and busy Bay State namesake! We see from the car windows many masts and sails, but the crafts are not those of the noble fishermen of our Massachusetts coast.

On reaching the "refreshment room" for a luncheon, we find ourselves in a bar-room, and are now certain we are a long way from home. The good-looking young woman who is busy serving out the liquid fire to her customers is, most probably, a member of one of the Gloucester churches; possibly she is a Methodist and a Sunday-school teacher. Some of those upon whom she is waiting are evidently ministers—the sombre dress and white tie testify to this. Such is public sentiment in that free country, which, notwithstanding the Salvation and Blue Ribbon armies, is yet far from being free from that curse of nations—intemperance.

Another decade will show more progress than even the marvelous advance of the past dozen years on temperance lines. We find that the English churches have taken hold of this question in earnest. When we learn that every Primitive Methodist minister, and every member of the Assembly of the Methodist Free Churches, is a total abstainer; and when we find the old Wesleyan Conference has its Conference Temperance society of which many of its clergy are members, we see that British Methodism is righting herself on this great question as American Methodism did more than a century ago. Fifteen years ago a temperance sermon would not have been tolerated in many an English Wesleyan Methodist pulpit. These are better than the former days.

However, being in old Gloucester, we must hasten, not to a temperance hotel, but to the "Bell Inn." We find it on Southgate St. Here in this tavern was born George Whitefield, the orator of early Methodism. Its old walls in December, 1714, rang with his infant cries. Then, it was in modern phraseology "a second-class rum-shop;" now, it is a first-class hotel, where not only the highly respectable citizens meet daily and nightly to drink and talk politics, but where the great annual political (conservative) dinners are held.

To this inn Whitefield's parents removed from Bristol, where his father had been unsuccessful as a wine merchant. Here their youngest son, George, first saw the light. Here as a tender youth he donned the blue apron and snuffers, and these very rooms, for about a year and a half, that bar he as common tapster drew wine and stronger drinks for his mother's customers. How little the wisest of them knew that he who served them with the water of death in pewter pots, would one day, in his own golden chalice, carry the water of life to tens of thousands of thirsty souls on two continents. Many eloquent preachers, both in England and America, since his day, have been led up from serving out ardent spirits to become chosen vessels for bearing the Holy Spirit to human hearts.

From this tavern the babe Whitefield was carried to the Church of St. Mary de Crypt, which stands on the same street, and was there baptized and from the old font received the name of "George." In this old church he sat when a boy, and behaved badly during the services, and was doubtless one of the trials of life which the old "beadle" had to bear. His misbehavior in church was a great grief to him in after life. Here he first partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the "Crypt Grammar School," adjoining, he fitted for Oxford University. In that same old church, after his conversion and ordination, he preached his first sermon. Fifteen persons are reported to have gone mad under the sermon. Good Bishop Benson hearing it, hoped the madness would continue until the following Sunday. Thus in this old Gloucester church the orator of early Methodism opened his glorious commission to preach the Gospel.

From that day he went forth through his own land and through North America a flaming herald of the Cross. His American circuit included Virginia, Georgia, and New England, being at least two thousand miles long. President Burr accompanied him to Boston, and saw from three to four thousand daily hang upon his lips. New Haven, Northampton (where he entered into Jonathan Edwards' labors), New Hampshire and Maine echoed with his eloquence, and multitudes of converts testified to the power of God which attended his labors, until, having reached Newburyport, Mass., on the evening of Saturday, Sept. 29, 1770, as the anxious crowd gathered at the house of Rev. Mr. Parsons, his host, yearning for the Gospel from his lips, with a candle in his hand fast burning down into the socket—emblem of his own well-nigh burnt-out life, which was even then flickering and soon to go out—he preached from the stair landing his last sermon, and that very night ceased at once to work and live. Devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. His bones still lie in a vault under the old Presbyterian church pulpit where he preached, and in which the Bible he used is still kept.

If you so desire, you may easily, as did the writer once, get access to the vault and handle his bones. While handling the skull, which once held his active brain, lively imagination and glistening blue eyes and eloquent tongue, those eyeless sockets, while they seemed to speak of the emptiness of all merely human glory, saying, "None but God is great," yet also seemed loudly to call for consecration to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.

Thus from the Bell Inn and Church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester to the vault of the old church in Newburyport, we have very briefly traced the steps of George Whitefield, the orator of early Methodism. In one more brief paper we will speak of the famous Robert Raikes of Gloucester, and of a few of John Wesley's experiences in that old city.

Sorrow overwhelms us, yet God finds music in everything. Our sighs and sobbings wait prayers to Him that bring deliverance down. They are really songs of triumph in minor keys. From a bruised and broken heart God's touch causes melody to flow forth.—Dr. Armitage.

### THE EIGHT GREAT BIBLES OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. M. V. B. KNOX.

In his "Introduction to the Science of Religion," Max Müller claims that there are eight canonical books, each of which has been the means of founding and perpetuating a great religion. These eight books can be grouped in three sections: First, the Semitic family has given the Old Testament, producing Mosaicism; the New Testament, producing Christianity; and, as an offshoot of the former, the Koran, giving rise to Mohammedanism. The Aryan family has furnished the Vedas, which have perpetuated Brahmanism; the Treta, the bible of Buddhism; and, as an offshoot of the Veda, the Zend Avesta, the book of Zoroastrianism. The Mongolians have furnished the other two book-religions—that of Confucius, whose books are the Five King and the Four Shu; and that of Lao-tzu, whose bible is called the Tao-te-king. The Oxford Professor does not regard the Homeric and Hesiodic writings as rising to the dignity of a bible, or the Sagas of the Scandinavians. But in those eight cases specified, appeal is still made to their books, and the impulse given great religions is felt still by considerable sections of the human race.

Of these eight bibles that of the Hebrew is probably the oldest. The Vedas are next oldest, if, indeed, some parts of these are not as old as the writings of Moses. Our received chronology makes Moses about fifteen hundred years before Christ; the Yagur Veda is put by Sir William Jones at B. C. 1580. Colebrooke puts it about the same time, though both these authors admit this date to be conjectural. Max Müller is inclined to make their date some more recent. Hendrick thinks they cannot be of earlier date than Joshua.

Buddhism arose about B. C. 550, but the Sutras, which have perpetuated Buddha's system, were written some time after that teacher's death. They were gradually collected by his disciples, somewhat like the Gospels after Christ's death. The Zend Avesta, in its present form at least, cannot date farther back than the third century of our era. Still, documents of which this is probably a compilation must have had much greater antiquity, at least B. C. 400; for books of the Zoroastrians are related to have perished at the time of Alexander's invasion of Persia.

The older of the two great religion-making books of the Chinese is the Five King. These books really existed long before Confucius, but by that reformer were inspected and revised, so that their practical energizing power was shaped by him. He was contemporary with Buddha, having been born eight years before the death of India's reformer—B. C. 551. Yet the other great founder of a Chinese book-religion was born before Confucius, though his books are not so old as the latter's. Lao-tzu was born B. C. 604. He was the author of his own book, the Tao-te-king. It is probable that the earth had on it at the same time these three gigantic figures—Lao-tzu, Gautama, and Confucius.

It is generally conceded that the Hebrew Bible was written from about B. C. 1500 to B. C. 400; the New Testament during the first century of our era; and the Koran about A. D. 610.

Of the essential teachings of these books besides the Bible a great deal of good can be said. In strictness it is impossible to apply the term false to them, or to the religions they have produced, for total falseness could not have produced such wonderful systems, or have been accepted by such multitudes for so many ages. Is it not Carlyle who says in some such connection as this, that a false man could not build a brick house?

The Vedas teach a subtle pantheism that is hidden under a nature worship which deifies the sun, earth, wind, air, etc. It is not surprising that in India, where nature is so overwhelming, the human mind should stand in awe before the mighty forces developed, and worship those manifestations. Yet, under this multifarious worship, one prevailing

presence is recognized by some of the Vedic writers. One of them says: "There is but one, though the poets call him by many names. They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; then he is the beautiful winged Garuda." The later Vedas treat of such problems as the nature of God and the human soul, the origin of the universe, and the connection of mind and matter.

The principal features of Buddhism are those arising from the teachings of a gentle, ardent, philanthropic man. Buddha's system was a protest against the inefficiency of Brahmanism, yet the Sutras have some of the teachings of the Vedas. They teach transmigration—an infinite succession of births and new births. By a course of self-renunciation and philosophy these repeated births might be escaped. They also deny freedom, hence sin is cosmic, not personal, and there is no chance of propitiation. There is no animal sacrifice, lest some human soul be injured in its transmigrations. The system denies that there is any God. The world and all things come and go according to some inscrutable necessity. It is a negative and nihilistic creed. Nirvana extinction—blowing out—is, therefore, the supreme good, because life is evil and that only. Still the morality of this system was high; practical charities and duties of private life were everywhere enforced. Here is the key to its wonderful success: "Every Buddhist, whether lay or cleric, was enjoined to kill no living thing, to be honest in his dealings, to indulge no sensuous appetite, to abstain from lying, and from intoxicating liquors."

The Zend Avesta teaches the well-known dualism of the Persian system. The roots of this faith lay far back in the old Aryan beliefs, beyond historical knowledge, and before the Iranian migrations to Persia. In the apparent dualism of nature, in the summer and winter, day and night, heat and cold, life and death, this system found some apology. It was but a natural step that from these indications two opposing gods should be conceived as directing, engaging and often contending in human affairs. Zoroaster, the apostle of this religion, is surrounded by myth, prodigy, conflict, now a human hero, now a divine. At once he enters the lists against the evil spirits. Zoroastrianism guessed at a future life, and expected a resurrection brought to men through Saoshyant, the savior-son of Zoroaster. Agriculture was a sacred duty, and action was noble—unlike the timidity and nirvana of India. Truthfulness was strictly enjoined, and is noticeable still in the Parsee merchant of Bombay. There are similarities at many points between this system and the Old Testament, which may be traceable to the fact that the Aryans and Abraham before becoming a Hebrew lived near each other.

The teaching of Confucius was not designed by him to be new, but to so construct a new system out of the old and obsolete material, that his nation could be saved from its anarchy and be perpetuated. He was a moralist only. He would have morality enjoined by the State, and in living might he thought enough could be done without troubling oneself about the future world. The ruler, father, husband and older brother were to reign; the servant, the son, the wife, and younger brother were to obey. Confucius approached negatively one doctrine of Jesus. He said: "Whatsoever ye would not that men should do unto you, do not unto them." But this is only worldly-wise, a cold negation; the precept of Jesus is love, with the aggressive gospel of love. Ancestral worship, under the teachings of Confucius, was natural, and was tacit confession of belief in another world. But he is careful not to touch on the doctrine of God, for the reason that if one does well here, it is all he can be expected to do. His writings rebuked the despair of his age, the pessimistic fruit of paganism.

The faith of China's other great religion-maker was quite the opposite of that of Confucius. The one projected a system of morality for active society, the other of inaction and retirement. The one system was cold,

worldly; the other was earnest, soaring, contemplative. The Tao is the "Fixed Way," deified in the writings of this sage, and surrounded by mystical ideas; possibly a power like the Nature of modern speculators. Thus Lao-tzu says: "Man imitates the Earth; the Earth imitates the Heaven; the Heaven imitates the Tao; the Tao imitates his own nature." The Tao system taught morality, unselfishness, charity, humility. It is not distinctly theistic, nor on the other hand can it be called baldly atheistic. In late ages it has become degraded to superstitious rites and practices. Yet it has brought its adherents unmistakable benefits; else we cannot account for the millions adhering to it through so many centuries. The Tao-te-king is composed of eighty chapters.

The Koran, considered an offshoot of the Old Testament, had its rise in the determination of Mohammed to introduce among his fellow-Arabs a better worship than their old superstitions and idolatry. His system was revealed to the prophet, he claimed, at various times, which he preserved, or gave to his followers to preserve in their memory, or on odd scraps of leaves, shoulder-bones, etc. After his death these were compiled into their present form. He claimed that it was the last of a line of revelations given through Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Christ. The Koran does not permit the use of intoxicating drinks, but does permit a plurality of wives. Its doctrine of one God has been its stronghold on the consciences of its numerous followers. Future Paradise is made to appear intensely real, and is peculiarly tempting to the luxurious Moslem. This system was a great advance on the old worship of Mohammed and his countrymen, and is better, no doubt, than the fetish-worship of central Africa, where among the negro tribes it is yet spreading.

But all of these books lack in every particular the excellences of the Old and New Testaments. These lead to higher morality and purer principles of every-day life. In all the wide reaches of ethical relations, nothing else teaches like the Bible. The deep questions that will ever be thrusting themselves into the human mind are nowhere answered as here. Their age, style, unity of plan, are not like the Bible. The oldest history, grandest poetry, completest prophecy, deepest philosophy, are here. Its principles have in them the fullest power of self-perpetuation and self-propagation. Its teachings of God, the sublimity of its revelations, are far above the same theme in other bibles. Here He is revealed as in no other book. His creation of man and all things, His love, His care, His interest in the affairs of men, His presence forever with struggling humanity, and help extended—all are the noblest and dearest yet given to man. The Old and New Testaments must be united to make one system—as two parts, yet one in design, and plan, and principles; while, in a wide field, the systems growing out of them are really but one.

—One of our most thoughtful and conservative ministers, who, in our Social Union, heretofore, has been one of the strongest advocates of the present limited term for the pastorate in our church, in a private note writes to us:—

"You know how conservative my views have been in years past concerning a frequent change of pastors in our church—that the more often changes are made, within certain reasonable limits, the better for all parties—views which I still hold tenaciously; but there is no denying the fact of a rapidly widening conviction among our very best laymen that the time limit for pastors should be abolished, and every preacher be appointed from year to year so long as bishop and people and preacher agree in seeing it to be for the best interests of the individual society. Of course, in such a conservative body as our General Conference, this growing conviction of our laymen may pass unheeded for awhile, but there is coming a time, unquestionably, when it will have to be heeded, or the Methodist Church will be a very serious loser. I have no theories to vent, or plans to suggest; I simply state what I see and hear of uneasiness among many of our most thoughtful members both East and West, and especially in the West."

—Rev. O. W. Scott writes:—

"Mr. Day was loudly applauded, and deservedly, for it was one of the finest anniversary efforts ever made at the seminar, —so read the Scranton (Pa.) Republican, June 21, after the address of Rev. J. Roscoe Day (formerly of Maine, of Nashua, of Boston, and now of New York), at the Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa. So say we, and so said all who have been accustomed to attend the Commencement exercises at the above-named institution of learning. The general topic was, 'The Age and its Demands.' It was treated in a concise, logical manner, well illustrated, bristling with 'points,' humorous at times, finely delivered (with no notes), earnest, eloquent. Bro. Day will be ever cordially welcomed in Wyoming Valley. He has won a right to the title of 'anniversary orator.'"



## Miscellaneous.

## DELIVERANCE.

BY REV. C. W. GALLAGHER.

"A tyrant God and hell's despair  
No more becloud our earthly lives;  
The heavens are wide; and room is there  
For every soul that upward strives."

The above stanza appeared in the Boston Journal of June 1, in the report of the Unitarian festival held in Music Hall on the evening of May 31. The Journal gave it as a part of a hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. F. H. Hedges, D. D., and added that this stanza well represented the hymn.

The festival, undoubtedly, if we may judge from the addresses delivered, was an exceedingly pleasant occasion to all present. It could hardly have been otherwise, under the ordinary circumstances of such a gathering, with so many men present of national reputation for scholarship and success in their different professions. However one might have been disposed to dissent from much that was said, it was said in such a happy way, with so much wit and wisdom and good feeling, that he could not have failed to enjoy it.

It must have been, however, of the nature of a climax to the ordinary course of festival joy, when that hymn, and especially the stanza quoted above, was read to the audience. The instinct of the reporter, which is seldom at fault in such matters, must have given us the very highest moment of the climax. No one would venture, then, in his sober senses, to affirm that there was not occasion for the most extravagant gladness in the fact, so fittingly stated, that "a tyrant God and hell's despair" should "no more becloud our earthly lives." What a blessed deliverance! What a charming prospect! It is to be regretted that after such an exhilarating view of the case, the writer should have added the last line: "For every soul that upward strives." That certainly was a little unfair and disturbing for any who might not be disposed to "upward strive." Then, too, it seems just a little to impair the perfect deliverance from a "tyrant God and hell's despair."

A tyrant God would, indeed, be a very unfortunate addition to this life of ours, otherwise sufficiently beset with innumerable difficulties and afflictions; and if he might be supposed to use his power without reference to justice or mercy, in the lawlessness of caprice, men might well pray for deliverance from such an evil, and indulge considerable joy when it came. Perhaps it ought to be explained that Dr. Hedges simply means that the tyrannical idea of God that has prevailed in the accepted theology of ages, and lain as an oppressive weight upon the progressive energies of the human mind, has at last been banished, at least from Unitarianism. That is, the God of Puritanism, of Methodism, of conservative Congregationalism—in short, of orthodoxy, as it is generally understood—has already abdicated His throne of dismal power, and is fast departing out of the world. The God that will soon reign supreme is more humane, lenient and indulgent. He holds more liberal views of sin, and is not disposed to judge the transgressor very severely. He accords a large discretion to human nature, in its selection of worldly pleasures, and would by no means insist upon too strict religious observances or practices. He has no special regard for names used in an act of worship, as the Unitarian magazine puts it in a recent article, whether Baal, Jehovah, Christ, the Virgin Mary, or any other name, so be the worshiper is conscious of a want. As for Sabbath observance, and attendance upon church, this new deity, who is no tyrant, would have men know that such things may become bonds and fetters, while the woods may become God's free temple, and nature may be a most excellent minister, in the genial spring at least, to the heart. Under this new reign, the Bible, too, is to be taken for what it is worth, as a very respectable good book. It must be confessed that this means a great revolution. Society has already felt and appreciated the idea of a God who does not propose to interfere, to any great extent, with the free inclinations of men. Perhaps it is for this reason that Unitarianism has built so few churches during the last hundred years; that sin is so little feared and hated; that the Sabbath is so little observed as a day of worship by those who claim to accept the principles of Unitarianism; that the Bible is held in such light esteem in many quarters. With a liberal God, what reality is there in being too particular about such little matters?

Then, too, "hell's despair" has been lifted! What a surprise! What

a breaking of shadows! This does not mean, of course, that "hell's despair" should no more becloud those that "upward strive." That would be a very inane and superfluous assertion. Those that upward strive have not usually been supposed to experience "hell's despair." At least, the most "de-humanized orthodoxy" never has taught such a terrible return for devotion to the service of religion. It may be safely claimed that hell's despair has generally been assumed to be the portion of the persistently lawless and disobedient. The real occasion, then, for rejoicing, judging from the hymn, would seem to be the banishment of "hell's despair" from all classes and conditions of moral life. If such a claim can be made reasonably certain, there will be more genuine joy outside that festival hall than within it. It will become glad tidings of great joy, for instance, to the criminal and irreligious classes, to those who need only the removal of this idea from their inherited beliefs, to permit them with real zest to follow the course of their inclinations and pleasures. Neither the man who dies with a life-time of sin and neglect of God upon him, nor the relative who contemplates such a determined waste and perversion of life, will have any occasion for disturbance of mind; for the old terror of condemnation from God has been utterly dissipated. For "hell's despair" we have now God's heaven of universal love, or, at the very worst, a very good preparatory school, with every facility of arriving finally at the highest knowledge and joy. Men are God's children, only at more or less remote distances from Him; and in the ages they will inevitably be brought near to Him. It is a pity that the author should have impaired the excellent effect of such a beautiful idea by adding that last line: "For every soul that upward strives." The painful question still remains: What will become of those who do not upward strive; who after years of self-indulgence and obduracy cannot upward strive; who, in fact, strive downwards? As Christ has not thrown any light upon this question, it is too bad, certainly, that the Rev. Doctor did not remove it entirely out of the way.

Unitarianism, if it is to be judged by its own utterances, has been an unspeakable blessing to mankind. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, repeating the usual modest claims, puts them in a forceful and characteristic way. It undertook, as he says, and has successfully carried forward, the great work of "humanizing a de-humanized theology." This work included the overthrow of a tyrant God, hell's despair, together with vicarious atonement, justification by faith, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and several other beliefs, long cherished by orthodox theology. If Calvinism must acknowledge itself to be a luckless victim, it is only one out of many. This work of humanizing a "de-humanized theology" is certainly a glorious undertaking. Unitarianism also has taught men to be free. It acknowledges no "slave-thinkers." What an advance beyond the disgraceful servitude of the large and increasing number of evangelical Christians, who dare not go beyond their creeds, although they cannot possibly believe anything that they hold or teach! It is refreshing to know that Unitarianism, in the midst of such slavery, is educating a race of men who have the heroic boldness to think freely upon religion as well as upon other subjects. This is a spectacle worthy of the age. One cannot but wonder, on the one hand, how men can be so courageous, and on the other hand how so many can be so entirely enslaved; and if Unitarianism, with its enterprise and moral courage, can deliver orthodox from the slavery of believing that there are some things that are true, even though they have been taught for a few centuries back, it will have accomplished a marvelous work. To be sure, these free thinkers have not built many churches in the century of their hard work—only a few over three hundred, including the inheritance received from Congregationalism; but it has been content to spend its energies in leavening the other churches. Neither has it, on its own confession, cared much for missionary effort abroad, for the reason that it had a much more important work among the "de-humanized" orthodox heathen at home. It has not reached down very much into the lower strata of society, undoubtedly thinking that orthodoxy properly humanized would be able better to do that work. It must be conceded that a Unitarian church in a community, denying the deity of Christ, speaking slightly of the Bible as the word of God, ridiculing the atonement, explaining regeneration as entirely a natural process, softening sin, and essentially modifying retribution, is

well calculated to leaven the community away from evangelical religion; in fact, away from any kind of religion except the broadest and most irresponsible liberalism. For emptying churches, destroying the force of the Bible, for cultivating laxity and indifference, Unitarianism is well fitted. If this is the most desirable work, it is only necessary to say, Godspeed.

This stanza, with characteristic consistency, has omitted something that might naturally enough enter into the doings of a body of Methodists. It is true that the reporter did not give the public the entire hymn; but he did remark that this stanza was a fair representation of the whole. Of course there ought not to have been any particular joy over sins forgiven, the heart cleansed, men saved through the blood of Christ and regenerated by the Spirit of God. "There is a fountain filled with blood," would have fallen comparatively below such a sentiment as "a tyrant God and hell's despair." There are some things that we miss in the spirit of the hymn; but we reflect that they do not belong there, being peculiar to slave-thinkers, who are yet in bondage to creeds and the Bible.

It is only necessary to wait and behold the glory of this new reign. Meanwhile it may be well for all who are sufficiently in servitude to orthodoxy to be enthusiastic over it, to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation; and at the same time to strengthen the things that remain.

## CONFIRMATIONS OF BIBLE HISTORY.

BY REV. BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D. D.

The crown has passed from the head of Herodotus, known as the father of history, to that of Moses, whose records, from whatever sources the earlier portions may have been gathered, are being almost daily more and more confirmed. Of much written by himself he had personal knowledge and was the chief actor and observer. Raised up and qualified, as he was, for the special work wrought by him, and for the purposes executed, the confirmations of his accuracy and reliability are being developed and made known quite as truly as, and more abundantly than, are those of Homer. In the Holy Land, Midian, Assyria, and in Egypt are these discoveries and disclosures made. The uncertainties of the past are fast becoming certainties. Such men as Layard, Smith, Rawlinson, and Palmer, are bringing to the surface and deciphering what had long been hidden and uninterpreted. These discovered monuments, obelisks, and their inscriptions exceed in importance and fullness anything in history, that relates to the old East, that was written by Herodotus, Diodorus, or by Eusebius. They have brought before the reading public the characters, the reigns, and official doings of Ninus, Semiramis, Sardanapalus, of the Pharaohs who reigned in the times of Joseph and Moses, and of the kings and prophets of the post-Mosaic period, more fully than did, or than have, any writers other than the later sacred writers.

It seems strange how little is known of the original occupants and earlier settlers in Britain who are comparatively modern peoples. Had it not been for a special providence, both the Mosaic records and their late confirmations would now be as uncertain and vague as are those of the beginnings of Western European nations. Modern treatises which give these discoveries and facts, together with the exhumed and deciphered remains of the Orientals within the scope of sacred history, and now treasured in the museums at London, Paris, and Berlin, are rich in their confirmations and illustrations of the Bible, and throw floods of light upon the hitherto dim and uncertain past. The writings of Colenso, Kuenen, and Fiske are contradicted and thrown into the shade. These doubters and skeptics are themselves subjects of less confidence and sharper criticism.

But that to which I more particularly desire to call attention, is that M. Rassam, of France, has recently discovered in Babylonia, among the Chaldean cylinders, one of great importance in its bearings on the chronology and facts of the Chaldean empire. Any knowledge of this cylinder dates from the time of Nabonides who, digging under the Temple of the Sun God at Lipara, forty-five years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar (516 B. C.), came upon a cylinder of Naramsin, son of Sargon, which, when brought out to light by Rassam, had been covered from light 2,200 years or more. Sargon began his reign 721 B. C. As Sennacherib was the son and successor of Sargon, and the most celebrated of all the Assyrian kings, he must probably have been the same as Naramsin of profane history, for it was Sennacherib who was so distinguished for pride, ambition, and enterprise as induced him to build a magnificent palace, which he adorned with excellent and costly sculpture. It was this palace, probably, that was exhumed in part by Layard. Further excavations by M. Rassam brought to light again this old cylinder, which aids in determining somewhat largely the chronology of the empire, and, therefore, of Biblical history.

Again, the evidence is strong that in the times of Abraham commercial intercourse was carried on between Chaldaea and Egypt, and that, instead of being a wandering Arab sheik, uncultivated and wild—as some skeptics seem to think—he shared intelligently and to a high degree in the civilization

and culture that subsisted between those two nations and that can be traced back 3,500 years, and was known to have been life until the overthrow of Chaldaea, 690 B. C. The road between those two empires was through southern Palestine, where Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew nation, lived at least 2,000 B. C., and at an interesting period of their history. He must have been largely and favorably affected by the culture and enterprise of that commercial channel in which he lived. To all students of the Bible these several facts and other collateral ones that were naturally and constantly developed, possess great value.

Somewhat allied to these things are other developments which relate to the origin of nations—a subject on which George Rawlinson and George Smith have learnedly written. While the results of their researches show that all nations and peoples can be traced back to Cain in one line, and to Seth through Noah in another, investigations are being carried on and discoveries made which show that the ancestors of the aboriginal Americans are also traceable to the East. Among the rare curiosities purchased by Hon. W. W. Randall, U. S. Consul to Colombia, of Senor Ramos-Rius, a native of that country and a learned archaeologist, are some relics that bear evidences of having an Egyptian origin and others a Japanese. These curiosities, consisting of treasures and votive offerings, were gathered from the lakes held sacred by the early inhabitants, who buried them there for concealment in prehistoric times. Those who are learned in these-like matters hold to and assert "the theory which traces the civilization and art of the settlers of South America, previous to the Spanish invasion, to the old and far East," just where the Bible places the cradle of the first races of men. The deliberate statement of St. Paul, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation," is receiving such confirmations as would seem to convince any but the obstinately skeptical.

## LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

But to go back a little—and how natural to look back! How many think that the years ago were sunnier than the present! We have read of an ancient people who thought they had better water, leeks and onions in a land beyond the sea than in the land of liberty where they then pitched their tents. We shipped a small cargo of humanity at Minneapolis, Minn., the 22d of February, and pointed towards the south-land, for the iceberg weather of the northwest had made inroads upon our frailty, so that we thought our trip would be short to that land mentioned in Rev. 22: 1-5. Our desire was (D. V.) to stay if we could persuade a few more to join us in securing that land which is so wonderfully lighted.

We were in a few hours transferred from snow-drifts and "blizzards" to a country adrift with mud and water, for as we reached Kansas City, the going on trade or street was terribly adhesive—a regular mudslide bed, and at all "beautiful for situation" at that time. We trust, as Bro. Harrison found in that city shortly, that he and the Lord may dry up many of those sinks of iniquity, and doubtless it will change the atmosphere of all things. We soon were ready for a start and were shortly in the land of the double "irrepressible conflict." Kansas does not look as dreary and civil to-day as under the rule of St. John. How many of our States step backward before they step forward! What wonderful power and weight in capital, if the sittings are made over the seething mouth of hell and from this bloody nest emanates the cruel vulture with crooked claws to tear sobriety and purity from the domain of home, State and native land!

In crossing the State of Kansas, nothing unusual occurs. The scenery is somewhat diversified, and the fact met us by the way that there is very much unoccupied and undeveloped country. As we crossed the line into Colorado, then we began to enjoy the ever-changing features of old nature—snow-clad mountains, peaks, stunted evergreens, rocks, stone and mud or adobe buildings, Mexicans and Indians, with a few American faces greeting our arrival at Trinidad. It looked to us like mission-ary ground, and the whole scene grew strangely light with the dawn of morning when we secured a paper which gave the joyful news of a "great revival of religion at the Methodist Church conducted by Rev. Mr. Uzzel." The whole town seemed to move toward the M. E. Church, and by this agency toward the land of promise. Thank God for the climbing influence of Calvary, which flashes its rays of light upon these mountain fastnesses and opens up a path for our King, who creates songs of triumph in His march around the world!

From this mountain town we passed into New Mexico. Two engines pulled us round curves, over ridges, between snow-clad mountains, and through the "Raton Pass" tunnel 1,700 feet long, until we came out in New Mexico and stood on the Raton range of the Rocky Mountains, looking "down South." Here at the south end of the "Pass" we met the trade winds of the Pacific Ocean, and found ourselves in a southern climate, soft and balmy. New Mexico is the newest, and at the same time the oldest, portion of our country. No part of the Republic's wide domain possesses so much of interest to the antiquarian, or even the general reader. Nearly a century previous to the landing of the "Mayflower" at Plymouth Rock, Cabeza de Vaca and three companions stranded on the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico and set out on a tour of exploration to the north out through what is now New Mexico. This expedition was made in 1530-36.

It was followed by several others, induced by the reports of great cities and vast deposits of silver and gold in the north. Santa Fe, Zuni and other towns still in existence were visited, and found to contain permanent populous settlements of civilized people who had attained that estate several centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus. The settlement of Santa Fe by the Spaniards took place in 1583—just three hundred years ago. The Spaniards found the Pueblo Indians, and eventually got the mastery over them. All over the great territory are the ruins of their (Indian) battlements, cities and temples, which show that there was a contest to retain their homes and positions.

The climate of New Mexico is not excelled in America. The atmosphere is everywhere dry and pure, and seems to be highly charged with electricity, so that at times there are electric disturbances that prevent for hours the working of the telegraph. The air is beautifully clear, and the sky can scarcely be excelled by that of Italy. Mining, stock raising and agriculture are the chief sources of New Mexico's wealth. Gold, silver, copper, coal, iron and lead are abundant, while mica, salt, gypsum, soda lime, kaolin, cement, sulphur, plumbago, mineral paints, granite and building stone are found. There are also considerable quantities of turquoise, garnets, moss agates and emeralds. Three hundred years ago the Spaniards carried on mining, and took out great quantities of gold, silver and copper. Their old shafts are found all over the mountains. About twenty miles from Santa Fe is an old turquoise mine, from which it is said, the magnificent stones among the crown jewels of Spain were taken.

It is evident that the time is not far distant when this large territory will yield to the industry of American progress, and give to the world a vast amount of these precious metals. They who have examined it say that it is far richer in copper than the Lake Superior region. The hostile Indians are gone; the railroads have come, and now for a rapid development of this country. The several towns along the line of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. manifest a large amount of enterprise and thrift. Churches, schools, newspapers, good hotels, banks, and the usual line of business houses are found. At Las Vegas, one of its principal cities, there is a population of about 9,000 inhabitants. It has foundries, machine shops, saw mills, water-works, gas-works, street railway, telephone exchange, two daily papers, five other periodicals, two banks, several good hotels, eight churches, one college, two seminaries, besides private and public schools. The Las Vegas Hot Springs are becoming noted as a winter and summer resort.

Santa Fe is of peculiar historic interest. It is the oldest city in the United States. There is evidence to show that it was occupied by the Aztecs in 1325—nearly three hundred years before the Plymouth Rock event; and how old it was then no one can tell. Next July the Spaniards celebrate the 300th anniversary of their occupying it, with elaborate ceremonies, and with an exhibition of the antiquities and resources of this land. Here is a palace said to have been built in 1581 by the Indians. It is adobe, one-story high, with a porch in front, and occupies one side of the plaza. Some of the walls are five feet thick. It was the palace of the Pueblos before the holy name of Santa Fe had been given in baptismal blood by the Spanish conquerors—a palace of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown of Spain. It has withstood several sieges between red and white men. It is the oldest and the Spanish captain-general, who was virtually a king. Here legislative bodies have assembled, and wars and defenses have been planned. Within its walls were imprisoned many important personages, who without trial or examination were led out and shot.

On the bank of the Santa Fe river, a small stream which flows past the city, stands the oldest house in America, erected in 1542. San Miguel church, the oldest church in the United States, is still used. There is now in process of erection a grand cathedral to cost \$150,000. It is a modern structure in style.

The climate is delightful and the soil in the valleys is excellent and produces enormously under irrigation. First-class business men are hold of her enterprises, and prosperity is attending their works. There are five churches of many denominations, with various schools of culture. The population amounts to some 8,000.

In our journey we passed many rugged cliffs and saw remnants of that ancient people called "cliff-dwellers." This letter is already too long, so will adjourn for this time.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## GOING WEST.

BY REV. E. L. LATHAM.

In speaking of Kansas in my last letter, the printer made me say that the State has an area of 8,000 square miles. It is 200 miles wide by 400 miles long, and hence has an area of 80,000 square miles. I should have spoken of my brief visit to the museum and historical rooms found in the north wing of the capitol at Topeka. Suffice it to say, that my emotions on viewing the various portraits of the immortal John Brown, whose large soul sympathized so deeply with the oppressed race, were such as cannot be described.

By April 2 Mrs. Latham had so far recovered from her illness as to be able to resume her journey. We were favored by the courtesy of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad company with a reduction of our fare by one-half. Taking the train and sleeping-car on one o'clock A. M., April 3, we passed through and out of Kansas about dark that night, having reached a height of nearly five thousand feet.

This southwestern part of Kansas and the portion of Colorado through which we passed, and all through New Mexico is a very dreary country at this time of year. When the summer rains come on, reviving vegetation will cause the earth to look more beautiful.

The traveler in this Territory sees very few streams of water. For several reasons it has not been developed. A prominent one has been the almost yearly outbreak of Indians, and another the want of easy communication with the outer world. Now the railroad running from the northeast to the southwest corner, with several short branches and connecting with the Southern Pacific for California, furnishes good communication for business.

Stock-raising and mining are the two principal enterprises engaged in here; the latter, though young, is exceedingly promising.

After a ride of 1,083 miles and a total of about 2,700 miles from New York, we arrived at Deming, where we took stage for a ride of fifty miles to Silver City. Though we had dreaded this last trip, it passed off pleasantly. On account of the recent Indian raid, in which Judge McCombs and wife from Silver City were massacred, and their beautiful six-year-old Charley carried into captivity, there was considerable talk among the passengers about the Indians. Vague and perhaps doubtful reports were given us along the route, of raiders being seen not many miles away. The vigilance of our soldiers has, I think, cleared the country about here of the red-skins.

We arrived in Silver City about 6 o'clock in the evening, and as I did not know the name of a single member of our church, I had not been able to send information of our approach. We soon found friends, though we had to make a hotel our stopping place for a day until a little work could be done in the parsonage.

Our society has a neat church and a new brick parsonage, which, though small, answers very well. Methodism has obtained quite a start here, notwithstanding she has experienced several drawbacks in her history. This is a very thriving town, which has been built up by the mining business here and near by. The recent discoveries of rich silver mines within a few miles, and the completion of the branch railroad from Deming to our town, are together bringing in people at a rapid rate. Fleming, about seven miles away, could not be bought out for millions; but one month ago there was no such camp or town. One mining claim of ten acres was recently sold for one-half a million, and several others may prove nearly as valuable. I went last Sunday afternoon and preached there, and the miners gave me a standing invitation to go when I can. They talk of building a house for services for me to occupy. We are liking well, and our prospects are favorable. More anon.

## Our Book Table.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the best professional histories of the war, if not the superior to all others, is that of a foreigner. Two volumes of the HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, by the Comte de Paris, have already been published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and have met with a very appreciative and favorable criticism from both literary and military writers. The third volume is now issued; the whole work being published by the American house with the consent of the author. The present volume is a stout octavo of 923 pages, and is sold for \$3.00. It can be obtained in Boston at W. B. Clark & Caruth's. The present volume brings the incidents of the war down to the close of 1863, with Meade at the head of the Army of the Potomac. It covers the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, and discusses very thoroughly the causes of Hooker's defeat. The Mississippi campaign, and its great victory, Gettysburg and the "beginning of the end," all come under the Comte's able pen in this volume. With admirable intelligence, and every facility that could be desired for obtaining correct information, the skillful writer, without personal prejudices, with a judicial spirit, in a clear and attractive style, gives a vivid and correct picture of the interest and most anxious period of the struggle. The work is well translated, and the publishers have omitted no necessary expense in maps and plans to present it worthily before the reader.

ECHOES FROM PALESTINE, by Rev. J. W. Mendenhall, A. M., Ph. D. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Octavo, illustrated, 736 pp., \$3.00. For sale in Boston by J. F. Magee. This handsome volume, finely printed on good paper and well illustrated, is founded upon a tour over the itinerary of any other tourist over the same familiar ground. It fully and clearly describes scenery and places visited, but it does more than this; it discusses every Scriptural difficulty and doctrine suggested by every sacred site. About every modern question in theology, as well as every criticism of science and philosophy, is considered on some page of this remarkable book. Even the late work of Dr. McCabe on "Nescience" comes in for consideration. Theories of temptation, origin of evil, the universal language, spiritual gifts, character of Jacob, the preference of Jesus for Galilee, miracles, Gospel and the poor, the character of Christ, etc., etc., are a few of the themes discussed upon sacred ground, with illustrations from the natural scenery that met the eyes of Christ and the apostles. Of course there is ample opportunity to differ with the writer; but the book is stimulating, interesting and instructive. It cannot be reviewed in a book notice, and its contents are so varied it can hardly be described. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to give a specimen brick. It is both a volume of travels and an able apologetic treatise, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

We hardly go to the pages of fiction for an exact picture of the present social condition of a nation, with references to actual events and with portraits of living, or lately living, men; but all this is to be found in a little volume just published by William S. Gottsberger, entitled, A TRAGEDY AT CONSTANINOPLE, by Hanna Lamou. Translated from the French by Gen. R. E. Colston, late Bey on the General's Staff, Egyptian Army. The story, which is a sad one, marked by such tragedy as are not infrequent in Turkish harems and in the

palace of the Sultan, gives a vivid history of events of the years just preceding the late Russian war, and a true picture of the terrible social and domestic life in the higher circles in the Turkish capital, and the sadder moral condition in the court of the Sultan. The story is told with little attempt at embellishment, and closes with the well-remembered death of Abdul-Aziz; reputed and accepted by the author as a suicide, but since shown to be an assassination.

In the new series of volumes upon the "Navy in the Civil War," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, uniform with the series upon the "Campaign of the Army," we have THE GULF AND ITS LAND WATERS, by A. T. Mahan, Commander in the U. S. N. The volume is amply illustrated by maps and plans. It records clearly, and in an unornamented but forcible style, the government plans for the campaigns on the Western waters, the movement from Cairo to Vicksburg, and from the Gulf to Vicksburg, the recoil at the latter place, and the ultimate opening of the great river, with the Texas and Red River episodes. The volume also recounts Farragut's brilliant capture of Mobile.

At the same time we have THE ATLANTIC COAST, by Daniel Ammen, Rear Admiral U. S. N., which gives an equally satisfactory record of the action of the navy on the sea coast, recounting clearly the sad condition of the navy at the opening of the war, and the first heroic enterprise resulting in the capture of Fort Royal. The story of the successful operations of the Commodore Farragut's fleet, and of our unsuccessful naval attack upon Charleston. The early movements are described, and the engagements at Roanoke Island, Newbern, and at Fort Fisher. Both of these volumes are clearly and clearly written, their statements being carefully drawn from the official reports and trustworthy documents. This whole series is an addition to the literature of the war, and a popular and permanent record of the great struggle on land and sea.

Funk & Wagnalls publish in their cheap "Standard Library," SEVEN MEN OF TO-DAY, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. By correspondence, Mr. Crafts has secured many interesting personal incidents in the lives of some of the most notable men of the day, and enterprise of the day, and upon these characteristic facts has generalized a very useful volume. It is a capital book to place in the hand of a young man just commencing his business or professional career; 25 cents, in paper covers.

S. E. Cassino & Co. publish a MANUAL OF TAXIDERM, by C. J. Maynard, illustrated, 12mo. This is a complete handbook of its art, and will be welcomed by the amateur naturalist. The whole process of collecting and preparing the subjects for preservation, and the best methods of embalming, are clearly stated. The illustrations render the process more readily apprehended by the fresh student.

From Macmillan & Co. we have two "vest-pocket" volumes: MY ASPIRATIONS, by the Rev. George Matheson, D. D.—a short and eminently spiritual and earnest treatise, after long afflictions, and MY BODY, by W. G. Blakey, D. D., LL. D.—a very suggestive study of the relation of the body to the inner spiritual life. Both volumes are excellent companions for devotional hours. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

THE LORD'S DAY RESCUED, by Rev. Alexander G. Sessions, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 60 cents. In this little book the author makes a strong and stirring protest against the Christianization of the Sabbath in Christian countries, and particularly in America. He insists that it is not only a religious duty to observe the Lord's day in resting from the every-day pursuits of life, but that rest is absolutely essential to the maintenance of a very high and noble character, and that the strain of six days' physical or mental labor. The author puts the case plainly before his readers. He asks whether we are to have the godless Sunday of Europe forced upon us, or the made day for eating and drinking, for picknicking and pleasure-seeking, or whether an attempt shall be made to make it once more the day of our fathers—a day for sacred instruction and rest from worldly affairs. The thoughtful mind cannot help carrying conviction. The volume has an introduction from the pen of Rev. Henry M. Dexter, of New Bedford.

## Literary Notes.

Gen. Phil Sheridan has written for the July North American "Last Days of the Rebellion," giving his personal experiences during the surrender of General Lee.

Messrs. Harper have in press Dr. Schaff's "Companion to the New Testament," a valuable history of the different editions of the Greek Testament, with a critical examination, and an appendix of papers by other Biblical scholars.

Wong Chin Foo, editor of the Chinese American, has an article on "Political Honors in China," in Harper's for July.

D. Lothrop has purchased "The Wayside," Hawthorne's old home at Concord, which he intends to make his private residence, preserving its antique portions.

"Oberlin," a history of the village of Oberlin, O., from its founding in 1833 to its semi-centennial jubilee in 1883, and of its colleges, is the work of J. H. Fairchild, will shortly be published in a volume of about 400 pages.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets" will form the concluding volume of Mr. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's works.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press a large octavo volume, giving a full report of the late banquet given to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes by his professional friends and admirers in the city. It will contain the Professor's poem, many of the best speeches, and a number of portraits.

W. W. Newell's recent book, "Games and Songs of American Children" (Harper) shows that a rich mine of folk-lore entirely unworked existed among us.

Orders were received by the Harpers for 20,000 more copies of the May number of their magazine than it was possible to print. Six new presses, with all the latest improvements, are kept running day and night to print the illustrated forms, in addition to those used for the plain forms.

Matthew Arnold is coming to this country to lecture in the fall.

The ex-Confederate General Beauregard is said to be in New York, looking for a publisher for his story of the civil war, which he certainly can tell from the Southern point of view.

London is to have a half-penny hourly paper containing the latest telegrams, stock-exchange quotations, market reports, etc.



The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON III.

Sunday, July 15. Joshua 5: 10-15, 6: 1-5.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

I. Prefatory.

GOLDEN TEXT: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were compassed about seven days" (Heb. 11: 30).

1. DATE: B. C. 1451.

2. PLACES: Gilgal and Jericho.

CONNECTION: 1. The setting up of the memorial stones; 2. The consternation of the Canaanites; 3. The restoration of circumcision.

II. Introductory.

In the plains of Jericho the seal of the covenant—circumcision—was renewed by the people; and obedience to this national feast was followed by the great national feast of the Passover, kept for the first time on the soil of the promised inheritance. On the morning after the observance of the Passover, the people were no longer used for it, and the new generation tasted bread for the first time, eating with their unclean hands, "parched corn," the ears plucked from the standing harvest. Meantime Jericho was closely shut up, the people of the region being so terrified at the remarkable passage through the Jordan which the Israelites had accomplished that their hearts melted, neither was there any spirit in them any more. As Joshua was making a reconnaissance he suddenly found himself confronted by a warrior with a drawn sword in his hand. Fearfully approaching him, the leader of the Israelites demanded whether he was a foe or a friend; and receiving for answer that the stranger came forth as the "captain of the host of Jehovah," at once fell prostrate in worship. After bidding him to "loose his shoes from off his feet," the Lord promised to give him Jericho, and added specific instructions as to what course should be taken in order to capture the city. The host were to compass the city once daily for six days, and seven times on the seventh day. In the order of march the warriors were to take the lead; following them there should come seven priests carrying seven trumpets of rams' horns; then the ark was to be borne; and each man should march straight over the ramparts, and begin the work of extermination, from which Rahab and her household alone should be spared. All was fulfilled exactly as God predicted. The walls fell at the appointed signal. The inhabitants, young and old, with all the cattle, were slain. The city was burned, and its buildings leveled with the ground. Nothing was saved from the common doom but the silver and gold and the vessels of brass and of iron, which were placed in the sacred treasury. And that the obliteration of the city, with the abominable vices for which this bloody judgment was wreaked, might be perpetual, Joshua pronounced a solemn imprecation upon whomsoever should attempt to rebuild it—a curse literally fulfilled nearly six hundred years later.

III. Expository.

1. The Camp 10 Gilgal—about five miles west of the Jordan, and two miles distant from Jericho. The memorial stones, taken from the bed of the river, were set up, and here a strong and permanent encampment was established. Centuries after the taking of Jericho and all the tribes were summoned to gather in this place, and here for a long period the tabernacle was set up. Kept the Passover for the second time since leaving Egypt; the first observance was at Sinai, in the second year of the desert wanderings. The feast commemorated the deliverance from bondage and the preservation of their own first-born when those of Egypt were slain.

2. All the great movements of the ancient Church of God began with eating the Passover. The Israelites ate the Passover, and went forth from Egypt and crossed the Red Sea. They ate the Passover at Sinai, when the tabernacle had been built, and set forth on their march toward Canaan (Ex. 16: 1-11); and now they eat the Passover under Joshua, and begin their march of victory (Josh. 5: 10-15).

3. Did eat of the old corn—"Omit" old. The word "corn" includes any kind of grain. The people of the country had probably fled to the shelter of the Jordan, and their abandoned stores, together with the standing corn just ready for harvest, would afford an abundant supply to the Israelites. Morrow after the passover—Joshua understands the "passover" here to refer to the whole feast, and not to the paschal supper on the 14th of Abib or Nisan. Parched corn—the fresh ears, right from the field.

4. The manna was always regarded as a miraculous gift, and not a product of nature. It fell upon the ground six times each week during forty years. As each man had an omer—three quarts—of manna, there must have been 15,000,000 pounds of it. It was not a product of the Arabian desert; the manna, as it is called in the following parables: It is purgative, and not nutritious; it is produced only three or four months, and it is the only food that can be kept for a long time, and is not corrupted by being kept over the Sabbath (Steck).

2. The Captain of the Lord's Host (13-16).

13. When Joshua was by Jericho—in its immediate vicinity; probably he was making a reconnaissance in order to select a point of attack. There stood a man—in appearance, the occurrence was real and actual, not a vision. With his sword drawn—ready for warfare, and that immediately. Joshua went into him—with a soldier's courage, and with the courage which faith in God inspires. Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?—an appropriate challenge. This stranger warrior must show his colors. Joshua admits of no neutrality. The man who confronted him must either be a foe or a friend.

14. He said, Nay—that is, "I am not for your adversaries." Captain of the host of the Lord—not of the Israelites, but of the heavenly host. Thus Jehovah is called the "Lord of hosts;" and this same Personage is called Jehovah in the second verse of the next chapter. Undoubtedly life was God manifest in the flesh, the same who was afterwards incarnate. Joshua fell on his face—in token of his recognition of the presence of his superior, and his readiness to receive commands from Him.

15. Loose thy shoe—a significant command, the same as that given by God to Moses, and implying that the God of the covenant was present. The place... is holy—indicated so for the time being by the presence of the absolutely holy God.

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17. The City of Jericho (verses 1-5).

1. 2. The division of chapters at this point is an extremely unhappy one. It interrupts a continuous conversation, the first verse being merely parenthetical. Jericho was straitly shut up. Its gates were closed and its walls fortified. The Lord or Jehovah, referring to the same being who was speaking as the "captain of the Lord's host" in the preceding chapter. I have given—by no military process or stratagem, by no force of arms, was Joshua to capture Jericho. It was to be God's gift. And not simply the city, but the king and its "heroes of might," were included in the gift.

3. Ye shall compass the city—make a complete circuit of its walls daily for six days; and on the seventh day they were to go round it seven times.

4. Seven priests shall bear... seven trumpets.

5. Their station was immediately before the ark. Their "trumpets" were not the silver ones used in marshaling the host, but the trumpets, curved like horns, used for signals, such as the advent of Jubilee and the Sabbath year. The seventh day—probably the Sabbath. Seven times—Lange estimates that it would require twelve hours for this sevenfold circuit, which would make the time for the fall of the wall near evening.

6. Reducing a walled town, to carry a small chest containing, not the engines of death, but a few religious relics, attended by a band of priests—"bearing the ark of the covenant," and followed by the whole army marching in procession. We must not assign to this ceremony the reason of this strange command, but we plainly see, at least, four objects attained: (1) The whole army is honored as a subordinate agent in the work of God. (2) God, the efficient cause, is magnified before all men. (3) His ark and His ministers, by their prominence at the head of the procession, are especially honored in the eyes of Israel and Canaan. (4) A course of proceeding so unilitary and apparently absurd was a severe test of the faith of the Israelites in Jehovah (Steele).

7. All the people shall shout—breaking the rigid silence of the six preceding days—a shout of faith and a shout of victory. The wall shall fall by faith and a shout of victory. The wall shall fall by faith and a shout of victory.

8. The city shall be leveled with the ground. Nothing was saved from the common doom but the silver and gold and the vessels of brass and of iron, which were placed in the sacred treasury. And that the obliteration of the city, with the abominable vices for which this bloody judgment was wreaked, might be perpetual, Joshua pronounced a solemn imprecation upon whomsoever should attempt to rebuild it—a curse literally fulfilled nearly six hundred years later.

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SALT RHEUM.

Wonderful Cure of Salt Rheum when Physicians, Hospitals and all other means failed.

SALT RHEUM.

I have been a great sufferer with Salt Rheum for thirty years, commencing in my head and face, and extending over the greater part of my body. I have taken gallons of medicines for the blood of different kinds and tried good physicians, all of which did me no good, and I came to the conclusion that I could not be cured. But a friend called my attention to CUTICURA REMEDIES. Got them and used them until my skin is perfectly smooth and I consider myself cured. Yours truly, AGAWAM, MASS. B. WILSON LORD.

SALT RHEUM.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died of it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier) internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP (the great skin cure) externally. NEWARK, OHIO. J. W. ADAMS.

SALT RHEUM.

I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West for Salt Rheum. My case was considered a very bad one. My face, head, and some parts of my body were almost raw. Head covered with scales and sores. Suffering fearful. One very skillful physician said he would rather not treat it, and some of them think now I am only cured temporarily. I think not, for I have not a particle of Salt Rheum about me, and my case is considered cured. MEDICINE THAT REALLY CURES Salt Rheum as CUTICURA REMEDIES do, will cure any kind of skin disease. CHAS. H. MORSE, Druggist, Proprietor MORSE'S DISPENSARY, CURE, HOLISTON, MASS.

SALT RHEUM.

No system of remedies ever compounded so thoroughly eradicate the diseases for which they are intended as the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Many remarkable cures have come to my knowledge, and I feel safe in warranting satisfaction to all Physicians. Medicine that really cures Salt Rheum as CUTICURA REMEDIES do, will cure any kind of skin disease. CHAS. H. MORSE, Druggist, Proprietor MORSE'S DISPENSARY, CURE, HOLISTON, MASS.



## CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
Field Lilies (poem).—The Great Victories of the Temperance Cause.—Old Gloucester, England, the City of Whitefields and Bikes.—The Eight Great Bibles of the World.	209
Deliverance.—Confirmations of Bible History.—Letter from California.—Going West. OUR BOOK TABLE.	210
The Sunday-school.	
Commercial Advertisements.	211
Editorial.	
Church Attendance.—Railways and Sunday.—Wesleyan University. EDITORIAL TRIM. BRIEF MENTION.	212
The Churches.	
Business Notices.—Money Letters.—Marriages.—Advertisements.	213
The Family.	
Wedded Love (poem).—India.—Supplication (poem).—Reflections.—A Little Child as a Revival. OUR GIRLS. Selected Poem. THE LITTLE FOLKS. How Will White Obedience the Golden Rule. Selected Articles. From Our Mission Rooms.—A Picture (poem).	214
Obituaries.	
CHURCH NEWS. Advertisements.	215
The Week.	
CHURCH NEWS. Straight University.—CHURCH REGISTER. Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	216

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1883.

Precious beyond all price to the believer is the blood of the Lamb. It washes away his guilt, cleanses him from the stains of sin, calms all his fears of deserved evil, and enables him, in full view of the eternal mysteries, to join with the church in singing,—

"Sprinkled with His atoning blood,  
Safely before our God we stand,  
As on the rock the prophet stood,  
Beneath His shadowing hand."

Arabian wisdom teaches that "a weight which is nothing to a camel will crush the camel's foal." But God's wisdom assures us that He can make the foal's strength equal to that of its mother, as He does when He so strengthens a babe in Christ as to make him able to endure a temptation weighty enough to crush even a man in Christ if left without that divine gift of strength. Be of good cheer, therefore, O tempted little one! Thou, even thou, canst do all things through Christ strengthening thee!

Where can we find a reader of religious books who will say that he has not been greatly helped by their perusal? Probably no earnest Christian can be found whose spiritual life has not been fed, strengthened and enlarged by them. Nevertheless, it seems to be true to-day that this class of writings is in far less demand than formerly. Even that Christian classic, "Pilgrim's Progress," in an unknown book to many church members, who know not what they lose by neglecting it. The scholarly Dr. Arnold thought very highly of it both as a work of genius and a spiritual stimulant, saying of its author, "I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of the old English divines, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it." He also used to say of it: "I cannot trust myself to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate after his passage of the river of death." Pity it is, therefore, that this and other books pregnant with divine fire are not more generally read! Is it not to be hoped that the present fashion which despises them will soon pass away, and that they will again be generally used as illustrators of Scripture truth and healthy stimulants to the spiritual life?

How important is character—the pure, the true, the good! It is everything. We may lose everything else, but with this unaltered, we are rich. It is within the reach of every individual. Earth's most valued treasures may elude our grasp—comparatively few succeed in obtaining them to any great extent—but character in its best estate is for all. But each must secure it for himself. It is not a gift, but acquired by personal effort. We are our own character-builders. The responsibility of this most valuable acquisition is ours, and what a responsibility! A noble Christian character, rounded out into grand proportions, unselfish in its views, high in its aims, broad in its sympathies, wise in its counsel, earnest and untiring in its efforts to do good and bless humanity—how Christ-like and what a power it always exerts in lifting human hearts upward! There are four essential elements of such a character—purity, truth, love, work—and these are all available. Ob, by all means secure this inestimable treasure, and you are ready for earth or heaven!

Mohammedan traditions concerning the grandees of David's imperial court affirm that among them was an Ethiopian slave named Lokman, famous for his wise sayings. When asked one day how he had gained his celebrity in David's court, he replied, "By always speaking the truth, by always keeping my word, and by never meddling in matters that did not concern me." Lokman is a mythical character, but the trio of virtues he represented form a necklace of brilliants no Christian can afford to be without. "He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness," saith He who hateth all lying. And a truthful man must needs be faithful to

his plighted word, since a deliberate promise-breaker must be untruthful at heart. As to Lokman's third virtue, Peter says, "Let none of you suffer . . . as a busy-body in other men's matters." But desirable as these virtues are, they constitute only a few of the jewels with which the grace of the Lord seeks to adorn human character. Paul gives their complete enumeration when he says, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Lokman's glory pales in the presence of a Christian character made resplendent by these divinely-given brilliants.

## CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

In the North American for July is a collection of short articles upon the above theme. The discussion is opened by a non-church-goer, who affirms, as his opening sentence, that it is "an admitted fact in these days, that only a small proportion, even of intelligent and eminently respectable people, are regular attendants upon religious services on Sunday;" and this small number, he asserts, is diminishing year by year. Dr. Ward, of the Independent, in opening his rejoinder, is somewhat in doubt whether this writer is serious in his statements, or whether his communication is a sort of a jest. It bears, however, every appearance of sincerity, and is, indeed, the echo of much of the same sort which finds its way, in our day, into print. A certain class of writers, familiar with each other's social and moral habits, are confident that few of their set attend church services on the Sabbath. Some well-known literary men are understood to find other resorts than the house of worship more agreeable to themselves on this day; and of course sporting men who frequent public resorts are rarely to be found in the sanctuary. Conspicuous leaders in the scientific world, also, have openly expressed their disrelish of the modes and instructions provided for church-goers. These are the premises from which the sweeping conclusions of the writer alluded to, and of others who urge the same statements, are drawn. This seems to be the truth to all moving only in such circles. To the natural response, referred to by Dr. Ward, that the census shows that the communicants of Christian churches have increased in numbers since the opening of the century, in far greater proportion than the population, as marvelously as that has been swelled in our country through the immense emigration which has poured in—the increase in population having been nine-fold and of evangelical communicants twenty-seven fold—it is more than intimated, as in the days of Christ's humanity, that these members simply include the uneducated masses, and that none of "the rulers" of men or the leaders of thought are to be found among them.

Will any one have the audacity to say this who is familiar with the character of the Protestant congregations to be found, not in our cities chiefly, but in all our principal towns? Who have built these spacious, elegant churches all over the land? Who are these neatly-dressed, genteel, thoughtful-looking people filling thousands of sanctuaries on Sunday? Who are these noble men, with titles not ecclesiastical, who preside at religious conventions and take personal and hearty interest in the progress and institutions of the church? Whence come the vast sums of money necessary to meet current church expenses, to establish and sustain large Christian academies and universities? Who are these broad-minded men who are now conducting the great world-wide charities? If the church has, in any wise, lost its hold upon thinking men, how happens it that the contributions for preaching the Gospel in unchristian nations increase every year? The non-church-going writer finds one occasion for the disgust of thoughtful men with the church in the constant begging for money for these enterprises. How happens it, then, as both going and giving are voluntary, that the annual amount thus consecrated to the noblest and most unselfish charities is enhanced every year? It is not necessary to mention over the honored names of great merchants, of conspicuous lawyers, of the profoundest of our judges, of the broadest and best-reputed of our statesmen, of writers of the widest fame, who do not hesitate to declare their Christian convictions, and are, like Gladstone, the constant and worshipful attendants upon the services of the house of God on the Sabbath.

These hasty generalizers see, what is apparent to us all, and a source of grief, but not of discouragement, that at the present moment a worldly breath is breathed upon the churches. The great religious movements, which have powerfully aroused the church to earnest consecration of wealth and personal service from time to time, have not recurred in the last years with their accustomed volume and

force. Christian men have become much immersed in financial speculations. There has been a growing laxity in the regard of the Holy Sabbath, and in indulgences of worldly pleasures. In such an hour doubt naturally becomes more arrogant. But it must not be overlooked, that, while at certain points, particularly in our cities, this may be sadly admitted to be true, taking the whole country over, the church-goers and godly men are on the increase and growing upon the world's population. There has scarcely a perceptible impression been made upon the traditional faith of the evangelical churches by all the modern speculations and criticisms. The next generation is already secured in its loyalty by its presence in large numbers in the Sunday-schools and its careful indoctrination, as never before, through the International Biblical lessons, in the revelations of Holy Scripture. It needs but a breath from heaven to change the whole moral aspect and atmosphere of the church, and to enhance a thousand-fold its moral power.

This leads us frankly to say, that the non-church-going writer has not fallen upon the true occasion of his own disrelish of the church and the ministrations of the pulpit. It is not because it costs so much to secure a pew and to pay the incidental calls of church-going upon his purse; it is not because the pulpit preaches effete doctrines and is far behind the thought of the hour; it is not because it lacks sincerity and fears in a frank and manly way to declare its own convictions. The trouble is a personal one. The writer is out of harmony with the truth itself. It may seem cast to him for us to say it, but he simply illustrates to the Word of Inspiration, "the natural heart is enmity to God." Education and culture do not create an appetite for spiritual truths. There is a third nature which clamors as persistently for appropriate nourishment, when awakened by a divine Voice, as the body and the mind. Bread for the body, thought for the mind, but God for the spirit! Neither nature can feed upon the food appropriate to the other, but if it is waiting will "perish of hunger." It is not the special work of the pulpit to feed the mind; this is only incidental to the higher office. Time and opportunity and ministers enough for this are otherwise provided. The Sabbath and the sanctuary are for the higher nature. When this is properly aroused, there will be little difficulty, even on the part of intelligent and thoughtful minds, in finding satisfying nourishment in the simple and earnest presentation of the "truth as it is in Jesus;" and nothing besides this will meet the cravings of the spiritual nature. It is on this account that the evangelical pulpit, although not always endowed with the highest intellectual gifts, does nourish and develop a noble manhood, and constantly gives to society intelligent and earnest practical workers in all the lines of human activity and charity.

## RAILWAYS AND SUNDAY.

There are manifest tokens of the beginning of a reaction in the matter of Sunday railroading and of a disposition to return to the usages of a better day. The brief statement publicly made that Wm. E. Dodge sold his valuable interest in a certain road because its officers persisted in running Sunday trains, and that he would have no connection with any road that thus breaks the Sabbath, touched a good many sleeping consciences. It showed that there was a man who loved righteousness more than money. The president of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad has recently issued an order that "so far as possible, no work be done or trains run upon the Sabbath or Sunday." He stopped all trains except the evening passenger one. "In case," he said, "of perishable goods, or live stock, it may be necessary to do some work, but you will avoid this where it can safely be done." Mr. Young proposes to reduce the amount of Sunday labor to its minimum. Conceding all that can be claimed on the score of necessity, his order undertakes to give the road and its employees a rest on the Lord's day.

The truth is, there has been, in the last fifteen years, a great change in public feeling—not in real sentiment, we trust—in reference to Sunday observance, and that on the side of laxity. It is but a few years since the prevalent idea was that the day is one to be set apart as holy. Then came the notion that its fundamental design is that of a physical rest, thus putting that first which God placed second and subordinate. Next came pleas for the opening on Sunday of public libraries and reading-rooms for the use of working men, though we have not learned that the class in whose behalf the clamor was made have thus far made any particular use of them.

Sunday excursion trains and steamboats fifteen years ago shocked most people. If a person rode on one, even to camp-meeting, he almost felt that he must apologize and explain, while only a very small class would do it for the sake of pleasure. But now the business has greatly increased, so that to en-

ployees Sunday is sometimes the most laborious day of the week; nobody is shocked at the thundering of trains; children, educated by what they see, grow up with the idea that it is all right; while the few who have not ceased to mourn over the open violations of the laws of both God and man. At the bottom of this iniquity is the love of money. The managers of it, not to meet an existing want, but rather to create one, are the responsible parties. Take the Sunday excursion business. The managers planned it, they put down the fares, they advertised largely, they even exalted themselves as public benefactors.

Right here, Mr. Young, the president before referred to, calls a halt. "You will, in the future," his order says, "run no excursion trains of any kind for any purpose on the Sabbath." Then follow a few words sharp enough to reach even the dullest Christian conscience: "This order applies to camp-meeting trains. If Christian people cannot find other places for worship, this company will not violate divine and civil laws, and deny its employees the essential rest of the Sabbath, to carry them to the camp-meeting grounds. I am also informed that a number of the company's employees have conscientious scruples against any work on the Sabbath. Under no ordinary circumstances must any employee who objects on grounds of his religious convictions, be ordered or required to do any service on the Sabbath."

This has the genuine ring. It is quite time that some one should speak loudly in behalf of railway employees. They number in the United States one million, six hundred thousand men—clerks, conductors, engineers, trackmen, hand-layers of freight, and other laborers. This is one-thirty-second part of our entire population, and it does not include the army of telegraph operators and expressmen connected with the system. These are mostly young men. Many of them went from Christian homes, and probably more from the Sabbath-school, and they went where the influences around them were hardening. "Railroaders" are proverbially a hard class. They themselves admit it. They must obey orders or lose their position. Conscience easily becomes blunted, and such is its certain destiny where God is silenced by Sunday labor, even though it be enjoined by a corporation.

With this million and a half of young men so situated that they can practically have very little of a Sabbath, and some of them none at all for months together, arise some important questions. They are stalwart, prompt, courageous, daring, often even to recklessness, and mostly godless. The succumbing of conscience to the temptations and supposed necessities of their position, only tends to more ungodliness. They are, or will become, husbands and fathers; they are citizens. What is and shall be their influence upon their wives and children, and upon the destiny of the country? They constitute a powerful and important community, and will never hereafter be so small as now. What is in the future if they are irreligious?—and irreligious they will assuredly be without the Sabbath. Every Christian stockholder in a railway company must answer these queries in the light of his responsibility before God.

There are, indeed, some hopeful signs for the future. The editor of the *Railway Age* recently submitted the following questions to the presidents and superintendents of many of our railways:—

"Do you consider it practicable to abandon the running of railway trains on Sunday?"

"If not, is it practicable to diminish the number of trains now run?"

"If practicable, is it desirable to prohibit all Sunday work on railways?"

"Has your company taken any action toward diminution of Sunday labor?"

"What is the present practice on your road in respect to Sunday labor?"

"What, approximately, would be the net annual loss to your company from stopping all work on that day?"

"Would the public as a whole be benefited or injured by a strict observance of the Sabbath by railways, as a day of rest?"

They are all economic, and mostly touch the money side of the question. Be it so; the answers, we predict, will demonstrate that on the whole no money is gained by breaking the Sabbath, and that the economic will lead to God, as it has done before. The questions themselves show an awakening among railroad men.

Another movement of importance and interest is in the railroad associations as branches of the Young Men's Christian Associations. It began five years since in the city of Cleveland in a providential way, and has so grown that there are already sixty organized and at work. Were this movement simply that of employees among themselves, it would be a cause for great rejoicing; but happily some of the corporations have shown their interest in it by contributing \$50,000 towards the \$75,000 of expenses of the past year. This shows the interest felt by them in the moral welfare of the employees. We heartily accord them this best and highest motive. And yet morality and religion will most certainly make these men better servants of the companies and of the public. No doubt in their better moral service they will more than compensate the companies for all their outlay. But what is really more to our present purpose, these companies which contribute their money to make their men truthful, prayerful and religious, cannot with any possible shadow of inconsistency turn around and demand that they run Sunday trains. If they intend to do that, they exhibit a great lack of even ordinary worldly wisdom in participating in the arousing and awakening of the consciences of their employees.

New England railways ought to be awake to this reform. The New England Sunday is renowned throughout the country, and yet it may be seriously questioned if some of our New England railway companies have not been in the front rank of Sabbath-breaking institutions. Making allowance for all that

comes under the head of necessity, even with a liberal construction of the word, there is a large amount of Sunday work done for which there cannot be that plea. And especially is it so with Sunday excursions by rail or boat. They are already upon us and will soon be in full vigor. They are only mischievous. No Christian can honestly patronize them, even under the excuse of going to camp-meeting. And, beside, the employees need the Lord's day for themselves. Some of them feel the wrong of the labor they perform, but their consciences are so weak that they do the work in order to retain their position. May the day of reform speedily come!

As to the Sunday trains and steamboats to camp-meetings, it ought to be put on record that they are exceedingly distasteful to the responsible managers of those meetings. They have objected to them. They have remonstrated against them. They have withheld the money argument. In some cases, as at Hamilton, they have shut the gates and thus stopped the trains. At the Vineyard they would seem to be helpless, except by enforcement of the law for violation of the Sabbath. Where the responsibility lies, is plain enough. It ought not to be too much in a Christian community like ours to hope that the voice of public Christian feeling shall be speedily heard demanding that all this needless and open desecration of the Lord's day shall cease.

## WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Our oldest existing college never looked fresher, fresher, or more beautiful today. No university site in the world could be more enchanting. We have visited many of them at home and abroad; but no one that we have seen approaches Middletown in the elegance of its situation and surroundings. The city of Middletown is a garden of itself, lying amid the groves on the slope of the hills bending down to the Connecticut. The view from the college windows and towers of the river valley and the distant hills is lovely beyond description. The citizens of the town are showing much public spirit in grading the streets, renewing the sidewalks, and arranging broad strips of green grass outside the walks on both sides of the wide, maple-shaded streets.

The day is passing away when large amounts of money are built into the stone and brick walls of college edifices; these edifices are being devoted now to faculties and scholars. We are the supervisors of that Wesleyan was built upon enduring and beautiful forms of stone, under President Cummings, before the modern era broke upon her. She has a magnificent suite of buildings crowning the heights of her broad grounds. They are in admirable order—both campus and college halls. The dormitories that hung upon her skirts have been removed, and the eye falls restfully upon all portions of her grounds. The president having secured a fine property of his own some distance from the college, on High St., has relinquished his official mansion at the side of the campus, and it is to be devoted to the use of the lady students of the college. A very fine substitute for the old "Commons," or for the new arrangement like Memorial Hall, Cambridge, is a series of chapels, or club houses for the college societies, finely arranged with the comforts of a first-class house, and placed under the supervision of a capable matron. Here young gentlemen, at a moderate price, secure for themselves an excellent table, much of the quiet enjoyment and courtesy of a home, and many social privileges.

Middletown has now quite a generous endowment, provisions of scholarships for such as need to avail themselves of such opportunities, is constantly strengthening an exceptionally fine faculty, and is increasing annually the size of her property. She opens her opportunities to the other sex; but thus far the privilege has not been sought by large numbers. One solitary lady, looking lonely enough, graduated with the present class, and she has amply sustained the honor of her sex. She is the daughter of our Rev. F. A. Crafts, of the N. E. Southern Conference; two of her brothers have previously graduated in the same institution. Her excellent scholarship secured for her the admission to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, as standing among the first third of her class.

The preliminary exercises of the Commencement were of the usual interest. The examinations were thoroughly conducted by a large and able committee, at the head of which was Rev. Dr. Rittenhouse of Philadelphia, and the numerous prizes were very satisfactorily distributed. The Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday by President Beach was one of exceptional appropriateness and interest. His subject was the relation of religion to our daily life, founded upon the Pauline exhortation to "put on the Lord Jesus." It was delivered with such earnestness and great force of argument and beauty of illustration. In the evening Dr. O. A. Tiffany preached the University sermon, which was an effective and very eloquent illustration of the truth that the hearty and persistent acceptance of revealed truth is the only true process for the development of the highest and most fruitful method. "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong and the word of God abideth in you."

The class day, celebrated on the shaded lawn, was after the traditional custom. It calls together a large body of interested spectators, and usually permits a license of language and rough humor that the average undergraduate greatly enjoys. The intellectual ability manifested by the class in these exercises was in advance of its good taste and charity. The response of President Beach to an address on the occasion was every way admirable. Rev. Dr. Joseph Pullman delivered a very thoughtful address, on Tuesday evening, before the Middletown chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi. His theme was, "The Reforms Suggested in Our Days in University Modes of Studies." His views were very radical, but were supported with a great ability and abundance of illustration. The address should be published in the *Quarterly*, as it is thought may be pondered by our educators and the supervisors of our higher schools of learning. The address was followed by a well-written poem from Mr. Valentine Hallenbeck.

There was not a very large gathering of the older alumni this year. The classes of '83, '84, '85, '86, and '87 had their reunions. The general worldly wisdom and awakening of the consciences of our employees.

New England railways ought to be awake to this reform. The New England Sunday is renowned throughout the country, and yet it may be seriously questioned if some of our New England railway companies have not been in the front rank of Sabbath-breaking institutions. Making allowance for all that

present State Executive of Connecticut, was present and made a fine speech, as did also President Beach. It was the fifty-first anniversary of the first graduate of the college, Daniel H. Chase, LL. D. He graduated alone, and lives to celebrate his golden educational era. He made a happy address on the occasion. The speeches of the evening were more noted for their weight and length than their number or sprightliness, but were well received by the audience.

A bright day, cooled by the night's rain, ushered in the Commencement exercises. The graduating class has had, during its connection with the college, 56 members, but it graduated only 25; other members have dropped out, or been dropped, for various occasions. Eight of its members had appointments for the public performances on Commencement day. Among the most striking of the orations were those of J. A. Devlin of Philadelphia, Bradford O. McIntire, of Salmon Falls, N. H., John W. Maynard, now of Brooklyn, but well-known in the Common St. Church, Lynn, and a first-class honor student, and Albert Long Smith, of Concord, N. H. All the addresses were of merit and well delivered.

The honorary degrees were: Masters of Art, George Stone, LL. M. Hubbard, and Geo. D. Sargent, son of the late Rev. A. D. Sargent; Doctors of Divinity, Rev. J. Sargeant; Doctors of Laws, Hon. Mills Foley Granger, of the Connecticut Supreme Court.

## BRIEF MENTION.

—The day to be remembered—the natal day of the nation! Thank God! The American flag waves to-day only over freemen!

"Flag of the free hearts! hope and home! By angel hands to valor given! Thy stars have lit the weak dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard alert! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soul beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming over us!"

—The *Jewish Messenger* well says: "Bishop Colenso is dead, but the Pentateuch survives." The venerable volume will witness many more "first-class funerals" among its destructive critics, and "still live."

—Congratulations to the freshly-honored divines, especially to the very popular pastor of St. Paul's, New York! Wesleyan laid her hands on a worthy head when she pronounced her benediction upon Rev. J. R. Day.

—Instead of accepting the resignation of Dr. McCosh, as president of Princeton College, the trustees relieved him of the details of business and discipline by making Dr. Murray dean of the institution. The president can give himself now entirely to the philosophical department of the college, which is his specialty.

—It was an occasion of great satisfaction among the alumni of Wesleyan University to learn, as they reached Middletown, of the marked improvement in the health of Prof. Harrington. He had just become able to sit up for a short time daily and to receive a little company. He continues to improve, and we trust the coming vacation will witness his entire recovery.

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dent of the college, Augustus W. Smith, LL. D. Mrs. Smith has lost little of her vivacity with advancing years, and shows few of the marks of age. She visits Middletown with her son, Hon. Augustus L. Smith, of Appleton, Wis., and her daughter, Miss Helen, lady principal of Wells Seminary, Aurora, N. Y. A son of Mr. Smith of Appleton graduates in the class of '83, and another still remains in college, class of '84.

—Friends of Christian work for the people, both laymen and clergymen of different denominations, have arranged a series of interesting gospel meetings for every evening during July and August, excepting July 1. By a unanimous vote, an invitation has been extended to the B. M. Association to take charge of these services. Mr. Moody has kindly consented to open the series by preaching in Music Hall. After that the meetings will be held continuously in the Windsor Theatre. A good chorus choir and staff of ushers and workers are being organized. It is intended to make these meetings fill the gap necessarily made by the partial cessation of work in the churches during the vacation months.

—Rev. W. H. Williams writes from Belfast, Me.: "Rev. John W. Collier, who went five years ago to South America, died under the direction of William Taylor, died last Tuesday, May 1. Bro. Collier was on his way home to the States, but was hoping that with a change of climate he would regain his health so as to devote himself anew to the work of winning souls. He leaves a wife and two young children, who return to Calif. in the same vessel that brought them to the field of labor, died on the 19th of June, 1883. Thus within the period of two years, a well-owed mother has given a daughter and an only son to the cause of redeeming South America. The affliction falls heavily upon the family, but grace enables them to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

—The *International Review* of the last issue is published as a double number, for May and June, and is a little delayed by the arrangement of new and vigorous plans for the future. This number opens with an interesting paper by A. Day, Laborer with "Emerson and Carlyle as Related to the Common People." F. J. Lippitt writes upon "State Repudiation in the U. S. Supreme Court;" G. H. Hubbard, upon "Names; The Footnotes of History." The other papers are, "Three Problems of our Time;" "A Nation's Apprenticeship;" "Howells as an Interpreter of American Life;" "A Practical View of the Silver Question;" "Tiberius Rex." The Editor's Miscellany is very full and able. This excellent periodical is now published by the American News Company, New York.

—There was a very hearty and generous recognition of the seventieth birthday of Henry Ward Beecher in New York, last week. There are few marks of these many years left upon the vigorous frame, and none upon the wonderful intellectual powers of this remarkable man. Few men have had better endowments, or the opportunities for their fullest development, that have fallen to the lot of Mr. Beecher. No American clergyman is more widely known; no one speaks constantly, on the Sabbath, to such an audience, or so widely, as he. His influence is not only upon the pulpit, but upon the home. We cannot resist his influence, and we trust the coming vacation will witness his entire recovery.

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His pronounced rejection by a majority of the special conference of the Wesleyan Conference in 1859, and sent to St. Paul, where he died on the 10th of October, 1859. He was a member of the Wesleyan Conference from 1859 until 1860. In the civil war he was advanced to the rank of major, and was a brave and successful soldier. He was a member of the Wesleyan Conference from 1859 until 1860. In the civil war he was advanced to the rank of major, and was a brave and successful soldier. He was a member of the Wesleyan Conference from 1859 until 1860. In the civil war he was advanced to the rank of major, and was a brave and successful soldier. He was a member of the Wesleyan Conference from 1859 until 1860. In the civil war he was







## The Family.

### WEDDED LOVE.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

The peaceful years have gently rolled away  
On golden chariot's silver wheels of Time;  
His milk-white steeds of love and joy  
Have borne us to this festive day.  
The past, so full of memories sweet,  
Seems but a happy vision of the night,  
Or beautiful day-dreams of the better land,  
Full of the promised peace and rest divine.

The unknown way we entered on in hope,  
United with fair Hymen's jeweled bands,  
Hath been replete with harmony and joy;  
All the white buds of glorious promise fair  
Have blossomed into sweetest fragrance rare.  
The May-bloom on the many-fruited trees,  
That grew along the verdant pathway bright,  
Hath turned to blushing nectars ripe and sweet.

The joy-birds sang a tender song of life,  
The skies were blue, the sun shone bright,  
Just twenty years ago, our wedding day.

The joy-birds' song of harmony still breaks  
Upon our ears, as on that peaceful morn;  
The sky's cerulean hues of light and joy  
Still spread their radiant banners there;  
The sun still shines, and all the golden days  
On snowy pinions floating, pass away;  
Still side by side within our chariot fair  
We sit, my wife, with loving folded hands;  
The milk-white steeds keep time with step-  
pings gay

Unto the cadence of their tinkling bells,  
And all the glad, harmonious notes of joy  
That fill the great cathedral of the world  
Blend into one grand chorus full and free.  
The wedding-march of souls in union sweet,  
The palm of life for hearts that beat as one.

So, hand in hand, we'll pass our peaceful  
days,

The blending of our lives a blessing sweet;  
The wedding garments of our joys and hopes  
Unspotted from the world of strife and care.  
The jeweled crown of life, of love and trust,  
Upon our brows shall shine forevermore,  
Because whom He hath joined in sacred tie,  
No power on earth, or sky, or sea,  
Can sever wedded love's white bands divine  
For all time and heaven's eternity.  
In that eternal life our babes again  
Enfolded to our yearning hearts shall lie;  
Our precious lambs the gentle Shepherd's  
care

Hath folded safe unto His faithful breast,  
Some day, God knows, His voice shall bid  
us wake,  
And heaven's unclouded day in glory break;  
Some day, sweet wife, a heavenly chariot  
fair,  
With spotless, white-winged steeds, shall  
bear  
Our ransomed spirits to our mansion there.

### INDIA.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

I have not yet described a native town in the Orient, though I have several times alluded to them. It will be impossible, and yet I will attempt to convey some idea. The type begins to appear in Europe, where ancient Eastern customs (and especially where Mohammedanism first) make their appearance, in European Turkey, and in all those nationalities around the Black Sea. There is nothing answering to them in any Western nation. Neither the sod hovel or shanty of the bog district of Ireland, nor the log cabin of the negro of the cotton States, nor the mud hut of the Mexican, nor the wigwam of the American Indian, can convey any idea of a native town of the Orient. I have seen isolated places of much squalor and discomfort among the poor whites of the South and the blacks and Indians of America, and in Ireland and other countries of Europe. There are degraded pariahs in all countries, but nothing resembles what I wish to describe. The same is true of the peoples. In both the North America and Western Europe there is found a great variety of people. There are many extremely ignorant and vicious, some as low as it is possible for humanity to gravitate; but the class is relatively small. In Roman countries the proportion is larger, and the degradation greater; but, after all, the people are characteristically intelligent and virtuous, in a degree. The homes generally have some comforts, most of them many of the advantages of civilization. It is impossible for one reared under the poorest of these influences to conceive of the state of things in these Eastern lands. There is nowhere among Western nations a fixed order of people doomed to degradation and misery, much less a universal condition of that kind. The contrast between the state of society in any Christian nation and that of a heathen nation is such that the two can only be described by contrast. The Roman system debases men, and any ritualistic Christianity tends in that direction, but any approach to Christianity at all is of an upward tendency. The whole tendency of any pagan religion that has ever been known is downward or repressive of any tendency to moral, spiritual or social elevation. The blight is universal, and affects the whole structure; it is the decay of the tissues, it is blood poison; under it humanity dies.

But to return to the point — a pagan or Mohammedan town. As there is a similar moral tendency in all false systems, so there is the same general physical tendency, and Oriental nations under all religions have similar civilizations, or rather barbarisms. Climatic conditions, of course, are potential. Where there can be comfort without clothes, the nearest approach to nudity will be the rule, unless counteracted by some higher influence. Where nature is lavish of the necessities of life, there will be little art as a rule, unless stimulated by the higher demands of taste and refinement. Man left to the play of his mere physical wants, always tends to be a mere beast. Anything that lifts him out of this must come from above, and must be sufficiently powerful to counteract his tendencies downward. If his religion is also beastly, the descent to brutality must be sharp and utter and must be conspicuous in the entire life, manners, customs, physical and mental, of a people. They will be little superior to the common beasts which they use, in character, or

circumstance, or grade of intelligence. They will congregate with them and live on a common plain. This is a noticeable fact in all pagan lands. The dragoon of the desert is not much superior to his animal; between the herds and flocks of pagan peoples and themselves the distinction is barely noticeable. There are rudiments of a higher nature with the human, but they are often as concealed as the rudiments of the eye in the eyeless fish found in subterranean caves. There is nothing to draw them out. The sunflower turns to the sun, but only when the sun shines; so man tends upward when the light of a higher Sun shines upon him, and only then. It is frightful to see how unhuman humanity can become.

The towns in Mohammedan and Hindoo countries are much alike in general type throughout Turkey, Egypt and India. They are similarly constructed, and have essentially the same equipment of inconveniences. The Mohammedan is, perhaps, as a rule, more proud and aspiring than the Hindoo, has more elements of force, would sooner rise into something under favorable conditions. His religion is not so degrading — he cannot see a god in stone and brass; but the general condition of the two peoples is not materially different. Hence what is said of the Hindoo town will in all essentials apply also to the Turkish town. Both systems are polygamous, and in each woman occupies about the same position. Their vices and virtues are similar, their shame and degradation equal. They alike and for the same reasons do not have their habitations in isolation or scattered over the land. They invariably live in towns. Their industries are the same and are prosecuted in the same way. They use the same animals, and employ them and care for them in the same way. Their towns are habitations for themselves and their animals, and the occupancy is common, and with slight, if any, difference between them. And, as they are, this is proper, since there is no perceptible difference in the wants and dignity of the occupants. The native village or town comprises from one hundred to one hundred thousand people. Under ten thousand there would be no noticeable peculiarity. When the towns become larger, there are some better homes and slight differences in the habits and appearance of some of the population. Their towns from the smallest to the largest are well supplied with temples that they are religious people.

Their towns may be classified as stone, mud, brick and straw, not to indicate a difference in their grade of convenience, or architectural merits, but simply of the material of which they are built, determined by local circumstances. The lowest type, or cheapest and most inconvenient, might be the mud-built town, which is simply a vast labyrinth of a building, covering ten or twenty acres under one roof. This is found chiefly in Egypt. The wall is, say, eight feet high, presenting an external appearance as of a high enclosure with here and there a door, which opens on a passage along which are separate rooms and open courts — the home for a family being one or two of such compartments, within which lives a family of cattle and human beings, several generations sometimes, the whole enclosure containing a population of from one to five hundred. There is neither window nor chimney nor furniture of any kind. The earth floor is used for bed and table and sitting upon. The clothes of the establishment are the skin and the turban and the scarf, which is more or less. The place is, of course, the most filthy possible, with the one relief that in most cases there is a tank in the enclosure or at its edge where the whole population do their ablutions. To see them pour out of the great, flat, windowless, mud pile, in their half nude condition, men, women and children, donkeys, buffaloes, camels, goats and sheep, in hundreds, presents a spectacle sickening in the extreme. That human beings could live in such condition from generation to generation, for thousands of years, and that they should be permitted to go on so, seems incredible; yet it is the spectacle which meets us everywhere in Turkey and Egypt.

The better mud village and the grass or straw or bamboo town throughout the same region and in India, is that in which the houses are separate, each being on an average, say, sixteen by twenty feet, generally thatched with straw or covered with piles of brush or hay, with an occasional tile roof. The houses stand close together, the only separating space being lanes and streets running irregularly through them, but having neither yards nor gardens within the town. As in the other case the houses are windowless and without chimneys or furniture of any kind, and used for eating and sleeping and shelter from storms, chiefly. The universal habit is to sit at or about the door on the outside, or to be in the fields at the tank, or wandering about during the waking hours. These are more or less filthy rather than cleanly, and would be too rude for any use, unless it might be shelter for cattle or pens for swine, in an out-of-the-way place, in any civilized country. The appearance of either of these classes of villages is unimaginable without having seen them. Riding along the railroad, a large town will be adjacent, and will be unobserved without close attention, so nearly level with the general surface, and so unlike civilized buildings. These lower types are the most prevalent over the country at large.

The better and best classes of the native towns are those which have some special commercial advantages, as being suburban parts of large cities or trading centres of some kind, or points where some man in authority has his palace or seat. These towns are greatly superior in appearance and convenience to those scattered over the land. They are not like a Christian town in appearance or comfort, but they are not absolutely unpleasant; indeed, they are rather picturesque and pleasing in some

respects. The irregular and filthy lanes gives way to a well-built and drained street, sometimes narrow, but generally in India sufficiently wide to be airy and sometimes lined with shade trees. The houses are generally built of brick and stuccoed or plastered, and are of a rich yellowish white color. The houses are generally one-story high, not more than ten feet, though occasionally they are two stories and fancifully ornamented. They are always built right on the street and jammed together as compactly as possible. For the dwellings there is generally a low and narrow veranda or portico, flanked with a broad seat made of masonry, and lifted about three feet above the ground. The entrance from the veranda is through a small door, and the interior is shut away from view. There is one, two, three or more rooms, and, I am told, generally a court on the interior. In most cases the floor is plastered and frequently washed. There is no furniture of any kind as a rule, though in suburban native towns this is changing. They sit, eat and sleep on the floor, but in the best style have rugs. There is a certain air of comfort about the look of a first-class street of this kind, but I think chiefly from contrast. The general condition of the population of this class of towns is not materially different from that of the meaner village, though perhaps some better.

If, now, we pass to the business section, we have the same general appearance, with the exception that the veranda gives place to the shop. The inviolable rule in the best built native town or city as to the shops is this: The shop, be it what it may, for pottery, or brass and tin or iron ware, or anything else you can think of, is above the pavement about two and a half or three feet, and is an open room, as a rule, about six feet deep and eight feet wide, but often smaller (in some cases this opens into a dark recess of about the same size). The goods are arranged around the walls and on the floor of this stall, and the merchant (or merchants, for there are often two or three) always, or nearly so, sits down flat on his heels or legs to vend his wares. He sometimes rises, but generally reaches for the article called for by the customer, who stands outside on the street. He is usually polite and eager to sell. In the best shops he is dressed in white and clean apparel, but in certain lines of trade, and most generally, is not more than half dressed, and almost invariably asks three times as much as he expects to get for what he sells. The business street is almost always crowded by a listless throng, talking, or rushing up and down, or drinking before the stalls. The scene is wild and strange to one unaccustomed to it, though the people, however noisy and sometimes excited, seem gentle, polite and kindly disposed. The business is, of course, small, and the articles of the simplest and cheapest, many of the most expensive being the crude ornaments and household utensils, that is, brass or copper water and cooking vessels. The crowd in a native town of the largest size is simply amazing in the chief resorts during the day. The other parts are quiet, and at night, in the absence of all lights, they are sepulchral. In every large city where there is a European element, there are natives of Hindoos and Mohammedans and Parsees, who have acquired wealth and live in very fine houses, and with all European conveniences and elegance, but the number is small. Of the two hundred and fifty millions of India, more than two hundred and forty-five millions are in the grade of the native town described as the second-class.

### SUPPLICATION.

Stoop to my cry, Heart of Divine Compassion!  
This broken speech,  
Mingled of tears and bitter lamentations,  
Thy ears must reach.

Thou knowest all these deep, unquenched  
cravings  
For earthly things;  
Thou knowest all the cruel self-reproachings  
Indulgence brings.

Thou knowest more than we can ever fathom  
Of human pride;  
Of the poor heart's deceit beneath whose  
cover  
Ourselves we hide.

Thou knowest all the pangs of human hunger  
And all the shame when we, deceived no  
longer,  
Sad glimpses gain

Of deadly sins, deep rooted in our nature,  
And intertwined  
With good desires that we had dreamed (how  
vainly)  
Possessed our mind.

To Thee all hearts are open, all desires  
Are seen and known;  
No secrets hidden are from Thy divining,  
Through from our own.

Look through us, Lord, with eyes of awful  
justice,  
Flash all our weakness and our guilt upon us,  
As in Thy sight.

But ere we perish in the deep abasement  
That must succeed,  
Oh, turn one look of Thy most sweet com-  
passion  
Upon our need.

One look to smite us into true repentance,  
Henceforth how full we are of sin and weak-  
ness;  
One look to heal!  
— Congregationalist.

### REFLECTIONS.

While sitting by my window looking  
out upon the beauties of this "rare day  
in June," listening to the sweet songs of  
birds, my thoughts involuntarily go  
back to the time when another, a blithe  
and fairy form, so often stood by this  
same window, resting her eyes upon the  
same scenery, mingling her voice in  
song or childish prattle with the birds  
she loved so well.

Well do I remember the anguish of  
that hour when we laid her away in the  
little grave and saw her shut out for-  
ever from our mortal sight. How dark  
and dreary seemed all the world to me,

and while the weight of this great sor-  
row pressed upon my heart with such  
crushing force, how like mockery  
seemed the mirth and passing jest! I  
then thought earth had no greater  
sorrow.

But how little do we know of the  
heart and its ability to endure, or how  
little realize the truth of our Father's  
promise, "My grace shall be sufficient  
for you!" When death comes with a  
mild and gentle aspect and gradually  
takes from our embrace a cherished  
treasure, when we see them drooping  
day by day and behold the signs of  
death stamped upon every feature, we  
yield them up almost unconsciously to  
Him who gave. But ah! how many  
"weeping Rachels" are mourning and  
"will not be comforted because they  
are not." How many whose eyes fall  
upon these lines will remember with  
throbbing hearts the little head that  
once lay pillowed upon their breast, the  
neck, those lips so lovingly pressed  
upon the cheek, and which in holy inno-  
cence so often lifted the endearing  
word, "Mother." How we cherish this  
memory, and how dear is everything,  
however trivial, remembered in connec-  
tion with them — a tress of hair, a little  
dress, a worn shoe, the toys with which  
they used to play, all are sacred and  
more precious to the bereaved heart of  
the mother than the most costly gems  
of earth.

But dearer still than all these are  
the last words of my darling child:  
"Now, mother, kiss me good-night and  
we will try and sleep, for I am so tired.  
Good-night, mother!" No pen can por-  
tray, or tongue express, the heart's  
agony of the hours of that night; none  
but a mother who has passed through the  
same fearful ordeal can justly sym-  
pathize.

Mothers, our loved ones are not lost,  
only gone a little before, and through a  
spirit of humble resignation how con-  
solating to think they are beyond the  
temptations of life, safely cherished by  
a love stronger and more holy than our  
own! K.

### A LITTLE CHILD IN A REVIVAL.

Where is She Now?

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

SOME sixteen years ago, under the  
labors, I think, of Rev. Henry Baker,  
there occurred a very precious revival  
of religion in the Methodist church of  
Melrose, Mass. In the benefits of this  
remarkable work of grace the chil-  
dren are said to have shared very  
largely. One Sabbath, it was reported,  
no less than seventy of the Sabbath-  
school scholars might have been seen,  
weeping, penitent and pleading, crowd-  
ing around the anxious altar. What a  
beautiful spectacle, truly — one over  
which rejoicing angels must have hover-  
ed in rapt and fervent admiration!

One of these juvenile, almost infantile,  
converts, was a little girl of only  
seven summers, and the daughter of un-  
converted parents. No sooner had she  
tasted the joys of salvation, than, hav-  
ing turned to her unchristian home, she at-  
tempted to prevail upon her parents to  
pray. They refused. She felt deeply  
afflicted by his denial. Nothing daunted,  
however, and conceiving that prayers  
in that household ought to be made, she  
took her Testament and her little  
brother Frank, four years of age, while  
her mother was spreading the table and  
her father was reading the newspaper,  
and in one corner of the room read af-  
verses. She then knelt down and prayed  
aloud to God to bless her father and  
mother, and to prepare them all for  
heaven.

Day and evening that little girl came  
alone to the meetings, her parents re-  
fusing to accompany her. At last Lizzie  
— for that was her name — said to her  
mother, just as the latter was starting  
for the city one afternoon, "O mother,  
you told me last night you were too  
sick to go to the meeting, and now you  
are going way into town to the the-  
atre."

In the midst of the exciting drama  
that evening the husband said: "Wife,  
why are you so sad? Don't you enjoy  
the play?" "No," she exclaimed. "I  
do not enjoy it at all. The fact is, that  
last sad, loving look of my darling little  
Lizzie is constantly before me," striving  
in vain, meantime, to conceal her flow-  
ing tears. Ay, the anxious entreaties  
and prayers of that angelic little crea-  
ture had pierced that mother's very soul,  
and had followed her even to that place  
of guilty pleasure.

Meanwhile, when the next evening,  
the customary invitation was given,  
who should be seen but that sweet an-  
gel spirit, with beaming countenance,  
leading her mother, a weeping penitent,  
to the anxious seat; while the next Sab-  
bath both mother and child, happy in  
Jesus, connected themselves with the  
church, and for the first time bowed to-  
gether around the sacramental altar.  
"And a little child shall lead them."  
Where is that devoted little one now?

### Our Girls.

#### DOING THINGS THOROUGHLY.

Laura came into the disorderly sitting-  
room, put a sweeping-cap on her head  
and began listlessly drawing a broom  
over the dirty carpet. In a few moments  
a goodly pile of dirt was swept out the  
door, when she took a duster and looked  
around quite puzzled where to begin.  
"I wish I'd never been to Aunt Sa-  
rah's," she said dropping down on the  
lounge with more discontent than be-  
fore. "It's all very well for her to talk  
about keeping things in order, but her  
children seem different from ours. Just  
look here."

It was rather discouraging. On one  
chair lay some crusts of bread and mol-  
lasses; on another a torn picture book  
and some paints over which the glass of  
water used with them had been spilt.  
On the table mother's over-filled wash-  
basket was running over, some spoons

of trash tangled among broken toys.  
The ashes from the grate were widely  
scattered, and every corner seemed to  
have its separate litter.

"Who sweeps a room well does God's  
service." Something like this Laura  
had heard said while at her aunt's house.  
"I don't believe God has much to do  
with such a room as this," she said fret-  
fully to herself. "And it don't make  
much difference how it's swept, I'm  
sure." But her eye noted rather easily  
the untouched corners, and the  
dusty patch under the table which her  
lazy broom had not reached. Aunt Sa-  
rah's cheery watchword: "Thorough-  
ness, my dear, thorough," seemed to sound  
in her ears as she remembered how she  
came home with a firm determination to  
institute a better order of things.

"I'll try it, anyway." She dusted  
and carried out the movable articles  
of furniture, and sprang to her broom  
again, and this time wielded it with an  
energy which left little chance of peace  
to the seldom disturbed dust. And into  
the fire went many a fragment of broken  
plaything that would surely never be  
missed. Aunt Sarah believed in a judi-  
cious keeping down of worthless trash.  
The dirt being gathered this time in a  
dust pan and sent after the trash, Laura  
straightened and dusted the pictures,  
then the curtains. Books not needed  
were carried away, the others piled  
neatly in order. Newspapers were  
sorted, and those not to be saved taken  
to the kitchen for kindling. A basket  
was found for the toys, and the rubber  
shoes and a slate which had lain under  
the lounge were put away in the closet.  
There was not time for a thorough  
cleaning of finger-marked windows, but  
a quick rub with some soft paper bright-  
ened them amazingly. Then she washed  
up the oil cloth before the grate, and  
when the furniture was back in place,  
sat down with the work basket, glad of  
a rest.

"I do think it's the most hopeless  
snarl I ever saw, but I'll try what  
"thorough" will do here." A number of  
pieces for chance mending were rolled  
into a bundle, the thread untangled as  
far as it would, wound and fastened.  
Needles were laid in the corner for this  
old lounge. It won't cost much and  
but buttons in a box by themselves. A  
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Church News.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Springfield District Ministerial Association held its quarterly meeting in Monson, June 5 and 6. Rev. A. H. Herick, of Chicopee, presented a review of Dr. L. D. McCabe's book, "Divine Providence of Future Contingencies," which elicited considerable discussion upon the subject. Rev. F. S. Rogers, of Shelburne Falls, read an essay upon "The Minister as a Man." This brother's ringing enunciation added a little to the interest of his presentation of a subject. Rev. A. Woods, of West Springfield, opened discussion upon the "Constitutional Limit to the Pastoral Term." While some thought it advisable to remove the present limitation, more deemed such change inexpedient.

The meeting was quite fully attended and very interesting. Those who ministered the importance of the presiding elder might receive new light could they know the real interest added to such occasions by the presence of Bro. Rogers and the marked respect with which his words are received.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. J. Fox, D. D.; vice-presidents, Revs. H. Matthews and C. A. Manson; secretary and treasurer, Rev. A. H. Herick; executive committee, Revs. W. G. Richardson, W. H. Meredith, A. H. Herick, and A. H. Herick.

MAINE.

Rev. S. Allen writes: "The superabundant shelf is wonderfully restful to one who is tired. It then becomes rather monotonous to one who for many years has led a busy life. A listy reconnaissance disclosed the fact that the territory between Augusta and Lake Umbagog, about ten miles square, was destitute of public worship except a meeting of the Quakers at Manchester, and that four houses of worship within this region were closed. A circuit was organized after a fashion, having the Methodist church at East Readfield as its centre, and operations were commenced, which will probably be continued till the cold weather of the fall. This church is a reconstruction of the first Methodist church built in Maine. It was built through the advice of Jesse Lee. It stands near the summit of a high ridge of land, commanding an extensive prospect and lifting its spire like a beacon to the surrounding country. This was once the centre of a large circuit, the scene of an animated season of worship. But the old people are all gone, and many of the children are scattered far and wide. The religious people that remain are separated into different societies, none of them able to support public worship, and for lack of co-operation there is but little preaching and less parochial work.

"And yet this region is one of the most valuable sections in the goodly State of Maine, occupied by well-to-do farmers, beautifully diversified by lake and forest, valley and hill, crowned with verdure. This is essentially the picture of the rural portions of Maine. Conference, once covered by prosperous circuits, now gradually falling into neglect. The salary is a matter not much talked about—a subordinate question; but the few who remain loyal to the church will undoubtedly do their whole duty. The pastor will be grandly entertained in the excellent hospitable homes of the people, and he is enjoying his work and is confidently expecting to bring some lambs into the fold of Christ."

EAST MAINE.

BANGOR DISTRICT. Children's Day was observed by Bangor First Church in City Hall. Their concert was excellent and the decorations beautiful. The whole was a success, and much credit is due to the skill and energy of the pastor's wife.

Union Street Church opened Children's Day with a sermon appropriate to the occasion by Rev. C. B. Besse, and closed the day with an excellent concert. The elaborate decorations of the sanctuary included a large cross of candles.

The Dexter Church made the day a great occasion, and introduced some new features, among them a beautiful monument bearing the names of the departed members of the school.

The people of Stetson had an enthusiastic time, and for a place of its size took a large collection.

Other churches have done well, but we have not the data to report them. The Children's Day is growing more popular every year.

CONNECTICUT.

Hockanum. — Children's Day was celebrated here with much enthusiasm. The platforms, pulpit and altar were profusely decorated with flowers. The singing was delightful, and the responsive exercise published by our Book Concern proved a decided success. A very respectable collection was raised. In the evening five staunch Christians were received into the church.

The Eastern Connecticut Ministerial Association held its summer session at Moosup, Connecticut, H. D. Robinson, presiding elder, presiding. Twenty-eight ministers of our church were present, among them James A. Dean, D. D., President of New Orleans University, formerly a member of the N. E. Southern Conference, and four ministers of other churches. Bro. Dyson and his people rendered a royal hospitality, and by their presence at the services, more particularly at the evening hour, added much to the interest of the occasion.

The sermon Monday evening was by Jacob Betts, on the "Parable of the Leaven," and was a plain and earnest illustration and application of the doctrine of the text. In the absence of the

secretary, C. A. Stenhouse, J. H. James was chosen secretary pro tem, after a refreshing season of united prayer, Tuesday morning. Subsequently the officers for the year ensuing were chosen as follows: H. D. Robinson, president; Walter Elia, vice-president; F. A. Crafts, secretary and treasurer. A rich programme was before us, and but two of the brethren failed to attend to the duty assigned them. Brother Oldham will present his essay, which was expected at this meeting, on "The Rights of Presbytery and Churches under our System of Supervision." At the next meeting, the necessary absence of D. P. Leavitt, who was appointed to preach Tuesday evening, was deeply regretted, but we had a good substitute in S. O. Benton, who chose for his text I Peter 1: 25, and thrilled our souls by his clear and impressive illustration of the theme. Resolutions of sympathy were passed in relation to Stephen W. Hammond, of Danielsonville, and in regard to E. M. Anthony, who has partially lost his voice, and left his charge at Staffordville, Conn. The resolution also expresses full confidence in the ability and fidelity of Bro. A. as statistical secretary of the N. E. Southern Conference. The next meeting of this Association will be held in Putnam, Conn., in the month of October, 1883.

F. A. CRAFTS, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings. — Haverhill Street, Lawrence, appreciate the work of their pastor, and have added to his salary \$200, making it \$2,000. A good revival interest continues. Bro. Bass is off for a few days' vacation, which he will spend in Vermont.

There is mutual satisfaction between the people and pastor at Colebrook. All parties are pleased. Bro. Wright bears his pastorate under very pleasant circumstances.

The White Mountain Sunday-school Convention at Lancaster was very interesting to those who attended, but the rain interfered very much with the attendance.

The St. James Methodist Episcopal Church is now the name of the People's M. E. Mission Church of Manchester. Whether this change is wise or not, may be a matter of opinion, but as there are a number of "missions" in the city, people were sometimes confused, not knowing which was meant. Mrs. Van Cott is laboring with success. On Sunday evening, June 17, there were twenty at the altar for prayer.

The parsonage at Lebanon has sufficient attractive power to draw the lightning. During a thunder-storm a few days ago, it was struck, doing damage to the amount of fifty dollars. Bro. and Sister Knox being absent, no one was injured.

Some improvements on the parsonage are contemplated. The pipes have just been put in place for bringing water into the house, and other changes will be made soon. Appreciating the labors of their pastor, the church has added fifty dollars to his salary.

Mr. Clarence M. Edgerly, an insurance agent of Manchester, has presented St. Paul's Church an insurance policy of \$2,000 on their church and parsonage property. Mr. E. has previously contributed toward the church, and this act is very greatly appreciated. The trustees extended to him a vote of thanks.

At Whitefield, Children's Day was a very profitable one. In the forenoon the pastor preached to parents and children, in the evening to young ladies. The church was nicely decorated. Sunday, June 17, two were baptized, and five received into full connection. One of these was a person between sixty and seventy years of age. They have painted the church and repaired the walk and steps. Congregations and social meetings are well attended, and for the pastor's comfort they have added one hundred dollars to the salary.

Bro. Smith reports Bethlehem in line for Children's Day. The church was made attractive with beautiful decorations. In the morning addresses were delivered by Bros. Smith and Heath. In the evening there was a very interesting concert. They have been making some improvements on the church property. The location of the choir has been changed to the rear of the pulpit. The walls have been papered, the entrance changed, and the house painted, all at an expense of about \$400.

Rev. A. W. Bunker is winning favor with the public as a preacher in his California home. The Sunday preceding Memorial Day a union service was held in the Methodist church, participated in by the Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists. The members of the G. A. R. were present. The church was profusely decorated with flowers and the national colors. Bro. Bunker preached the sermon, of which the San Diego Union says: "It was one of the most truly eloquent and patriotic we have ever heard on a similar occasion."

A very successful entertainment was given June 13 in the Town Hall at Methuen, under the auspices of the Methodist society. There was a strawberry and ice cream supper, and this was followed by a "war concert." The old songs that once stirred our patriotism were sung by a choir of sixteen gentlemen from the different churches of the town, who gave their services gratuitously. They were led by Mr. C. W. Keniston, who is not readily surpassed as a leader. The hall was decorated, under the direction of the pastor's wife, with flags, guns, swords and drums. A fine audience was present and the evening was spent very pleasantly.

SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED.

Several weeks before the session of the spring Conferences in New England, the writer sought to stir up pure minds to remembrance that the Discipline requires the apportionment of the amount

asked by the Freedmen's Aid Society to the charges by the district stewards. Zion's HERALDS of June 13 and 20 contain the apportionments for the North Boston and Boston districts, assessing various undisciplined collections, such as N. E. Education Society, Preachers' Aid, etc., to which the slightest objection could not be raised, if other requirements were not left undone, but omitting the Freedmen's Aid cause! Evidently some one has blundered. Who is it? To pass resolutions on the cause, and then, by omission, to do what will raise but one half or a third of the amount necessary to carry out the work of that cause, is hardly business consistency. Have any in the New England Conference a right to nullify the Discipline?

WILBUR F. STERILE. Cottage City, Mass.

Obituaries.

Mrs. ANNA MUDOR EWING, wife of Dr. Alex. Ewins, died at Hyde Park, Mass., Feb. 11, 1883, in the 76th year of her age.

She was the eldest but three of a family of twelve children of the late Rev. John Broadhead, of the N. H. Conference. Of her seniors two survive her, viz., Daniel B. Broadhead, of South New Market, N. H., and the widow of the late Samuel Norris, of the N. H. Conference. Dr. John M. Broadhead, of Washington, D. C., died in 1880, of the eight last surviving of her family. She was born in childhood—and four, viz., Mrs. Weeks of Greenland, N. H., Mrs. Dr. Pike of the N. H. Conference, Geo. H. Broadhead of New York, and Col. J. Adams Broadhead of Boston, paymaster in the U. S. Army, are still living.

Mrs. Ewins was a great favorite with her own family, and wherever known was greatly beloved by all. She was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church more than fifty years ago, and was a devoted Christian till the Master said, "It is enough." For many years at the family worship she would follow her husband in most earnest prayer for her own family and loved ones, her pastor and the church of her choice, and for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. Her death was quite sudden, as she often wished it might be. For the last twenty-four hours, though partially conscious, she exhibited no signs of suffering, and only a few moments before her departure by ceasing to breathe. Her loss is keenly felt by her husband. The light of his home has been extinguished, and he awaits the Master's call to a union in the world where there is no death.

W. VARNUM STONE was born in Grantham, N. H., June 9, 1806, and died in Fairfield, Me., May 14, 1883, aged 77 years.

In early life he was skeptical and hard towards religious subjects, but in a revival in the spring of 1838 he was arrested by the divine Spirit and most powerfully converted. He soon became a member of the M. E. Church, and for forty-five years has been able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Amen" and "Glory" were familiar words with him, and they often thrilled the hearer, as they knew they came from a full soul backed by a holy life.

He suffered much the last two years of his life from nervous debility, being confined to his bed and requiring the constant care of his companion; but the Lord sustained him. He now rests from the conflict. A devoted companion, son, daughter, and many friends mourn their loss.

On Wednesday morning, May 23, 1883, LOUISA STODDARD, the beloved adopted daughter of William S. and Lillie Stoddard, residing at 84 Chapman Street, in this city, passed peacefully away from her bed in March, at the age of 15 years, 3 months, 11 days. The place that once knew the darling girl now knows her no more, yet her memory lives; her whole life, her being, all seemed to move in a holy atmosphere. She was not for this world. The summons came, and she was ready to go. Her sufferings were intense, yet she bore all willingly for her Saviour's sake.

About one year ago, while in her mother's chamber reading the 3rd chapter of John, 14th verse, her mother explained the lifting up of the serpent, directing her to look to Jesus. Immediately she looked, believed, and was saved. She danced round the room with a look of heavenly joy, exclaiming, "O mamma, I am saved!" From that on her faith in the blessed Jesus was unmovable. She looked to His coming. She loved to talk and think of the glory, and longed to be there. She died of consumption, took to her bed in March last, and while she lingered on her couch, she dreamed of Jesus, seeing His dear face, and was so disappointed when she found she was on earth and not in heaven. On Tuesday night she called her mamma to her bedside, and inquired for her papa (who was the last one she recognized). To both she said "Good-bye," thinking her mamma especially for as she had done for her, and after turning her around, her sweet spirit passed away to be forever with the Lord.

JAMES T. VANSTON.

Another of the mothers of Israel, and one of the "elect women of Methodism," has passed away in the person of Sister ABIGAIL H. DAVIS, wife of Rufus Davis, of Cottage City. She was born at Chilmack on the island of Martha's Vineyard, April 21, 1811, and like many others of old residents, never was off the island but once during her entire life-time. At a very early age she was converted under the labors of the Rev. Caleb Lamb, then a young man at the very beginning of his ministry. Although not connecting herself formally with the church for many years after, she was always known as a consistent follower of her Master. When the Methodist Church was organized at Cottage City, Sister Davis and her husband were among the first to join it, and ever since their influence has been given to it. She was a very great sufferer for nearly thirty years, a great part of which time she was closely confined to her room, and during the latter years of her life she was never free for an hour from the pain of the fatal cancer. Although for years deprived of the privileges of hearing the Gospel preached, and although keenly feeling this loss, she never complained, while her constant spirit of patience and daily self-sacrifice made her a living witness of the power of the Gospel as a regulator and a purifier, it regularly came, never fails. Indeed, we are so well convinced of its value that we are willing to be without, and endeavor to keep a constant supply. Yours very truly, W. H. STETSON.

Pastor Cranston St. Methodist Episcopal Church. She died in great peace, May 17, 1883, at the ripe age of 72, and a large gathering of friends followed her remains to the little cemetery in sight of the sea, near where the greater part of her life has been spent. Her husband still survives her, but anxiously waiting for the day when there shall be a reunion on that other shore.

FRANK P. PARKIN.

Died, in Wiscasset, Me., April 23, 1883, Miss BETSY GREENOUGH, aged 91 years and 21 days.

The subject of this notice was born in Pownallborough, Me. (now Wiscasset), April 2, 1792. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church in the year 1825, and remained an acceptable member until the above date, when she was translated to the church above. "Aunt Betsy," as she was called by every one who knew her, was a great reader. She had a wonderful memory, and up to the last week of life she was interested in and informed of the current events of the day. She prized Zion's HERALD next to her Bible. A few days previous to her death she said to the writer, "I am not afraid to die. I have not forgotten my promises to God. I am ready, but I wonder whom I shall recognize first on the other side. I think it will be Sister Stacy" (a friend of hers who died some years ago). One sister and a niece remain this side of the stream. May they have implicit confidence in Jesus, who was Aunt Betsy's bosom friend! J. T. CROSBY.

Sister ELIZABETH POMEROY, wife of Richard Pomero, of Lincoln, Me., fell asleep in Jesus, March 25, 1883, aged 61 years.

Sister P. was born in Ireland. Early in life she gave her heart to Christ and her hand to the M. E. Church. From that time till her call home, she was not merely a passive, but an active, Christian. The ordinances of the church were her delight, and religious duty wherever manifest was not a task, but a labor of love. The angels called her home, but her "works do follow her." A. A. LEWIS.

Sister JESSIE ADAMS, a much-esteemed member of the Houlton (Me.) M. E. Church, passed to higher life from her father's home, Glasgow, N. B., Jan. 9, 1883, at the age of 24 years.

Sister Adams was born at Aberdeen, Scotland, Sept. 3, 1859. She was converted at Lincoln, Me., through the labors of Rev. R. L. Nanton, and the following year (1880) was received into the membership of the Houlton Church. Her sickness was a protracted one, but characterized throughout by Christian fortitude and submission. She died in the triumph of faith and passed to her heavenly reward. A. A. LEWIS.

Died, in Sebec, May 26, 1883, ALICE KENT, daughter of Warren Kent, of Sebec, Me., aged 16 years and 11 months.

Sister Kent professed faith in Christ during her sickness and passed away in the triumph of faith. She had been a great sufferer, but endured patiently till the last with that lingering disease, consumption. She leaves a father, one sister six years of age, and a naval grandmother to mourn their loss. Her mother died three years ago. Brother Kent desires the prayers of the church. W. A. MCGRAW.

In Penobscot, Me., April 6, 1883, Brother STEPHEN LITTLEFIELD, aged 78 years, passed in the triumph of faith from labor here to reward on high.

For several years Brother L. was a great sufferer, but he bore his sufferings with Christian patience and resignation. He loved the church of Christ and especially the M. E. Church, of which he was for many years a worthy member. His good and faithful wife, his children and numerous other relatives and friends, and the entire community will miss but would not recall him, assured that our loss is his infinite gain. S. M. DUNTON.

Departed this life in Penobscot, Me., March 20, 1883, Brother JOHN CONDON, aged 83 years.

The subject of this notice was for upwards of fifty years a worthy member of the M. E. Church in Penobscot. He was for many years a faithful class-leader, and in his last years often recalled with pleasure the names of those with whom he took sweet counsel. He was engaged in active life until the last, being confined to the sick bed only a few days; and having "finished the work" given him to do, he "was not, for God took him."

The minister has lost a warm friend, the church a ready supporter, the town a good and respected citizen and kind neighbor, an aged wife a devoted companion, and three sons and two daughters an affectionate father. The old home here is lonely, but heaven is more attractive. May grace sustain the bereaved. S. M. DUNTON.

Nervous Prostration and Insomnia.

In nervous prostration and sleeplessness, from which so many invalids suffer, Compound Oxygen rarely fails to bring relief. A lady (a teacher) in Ayova, Wisconsin, who had been a great sufferer, sought help in Compound Oxygen. At the end of five weeks wrote: "The night after taking my first inhalation of Oxygen, I slept like a baby! I had never before enjoyed the sweetest sleep. I felt that the restful sleep that night was worth the price paid for the treatment. 'Tis not a comfort to lie down at night, for I do not have to (I would to long, weary hours of nerve-jacking (which to me is harder to bear than pain). No more midnight alcohol and water-baths; neither cold, countings, nor walking of the floor in agony; but rest, sweet rest indeed!" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKER & PALLEN, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vegetine

WILL CURE

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humors in the Face, Coughs, and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Painfulness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no danger of its being injurious as a regulator and appetizer, it regularly came, never fails. Indeed, we are so well convinced of its value that we are willing to be without, and endeavor to keep a constant supply. Yours very truly, W. H. STETSON.

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Vegetine

IS THE BEST

Spring and Summer Medicine.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.



It has been and still is the claim of the Manufacturers, and has the indorsement of the public, that RIDGE'S Food is the most reliable food in the world for Infants and Children. It combines all the elements for perfect growth as in no other.

IT IS A FACT THAT MORE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN SAVED AND SUCCESSFULLY REARED BY RIDGE'S FOOD THAN BY ALL THE OTHER FOODS COMBINED.



RIDGE'S FOOD ENSURES HAPPY CHILDREN.

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THE Admiration OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

IS PERFECTION!

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. Allen has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequalled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair.

Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removing dandruff, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxuriant quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. "One Bottle did it." That is the fact. It is the only hair restorer that will restore the gray hair to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

S. M. DUNTON.

THE WISE PREVENT SICKNESS.

SANFORD'S GINGER

A Delicious Combination of Imported Ginger.

Choicest Aromatic, and the best of French Brandy. Vastly superior to all other gingers, all of which are made with the strongest Alcohol. Cures Colds, Chills, Feverishness, Rheumatism, Stomach Ailments, and all the ailments of the system.

It is a pleasant and refreshing beverage, and is sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers in Foreign Goods. Beware of all gingers sold to be the same or as good as Sanford's. Avoid imitations, and get a few cents extra profit to try to force upon your own or others when you call for Sanford's Ginger. Sold by Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers in Foreign Goods.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

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COLLINS'S

For the relief and prevention of Rheumatism, it is supplied of Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Neuralgia, Lymphatic, Bilious, Nervous, Headache, Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria, and Epidemics, use COLLINS'S PLASTER (an Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. 50c. every where.

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SUMMER Imprudences

ARE SURE TO BRING ON SUMMER DISEASES

INDIGESTION, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, FEVERS, &c., &c.

BUT

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

DRIVES THEM AWAY. DRIVES THEM AWAY. DRIVES THEM AWAY.

DON'T BE WITHOUT PAIN KILLER. BUY OF ANY DRUGGIST.

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FLORESTON

It is rich and lasting fragrance has made this delicately perfumed Cologne a favorite with the public. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of J. S. JONES & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 50 cent sizes. LARGE SAVING BUYING THE SIZE.

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COLOGNE.

AGENTS WANTED for our new Religious Book, the greatest success of the year. Send for illustrated circular if you want to make money. FLORESTON & CO., Cincinnati O.

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RIDGE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Is a concentrated preparation of wheat, and is so prepared as to be acceptable to the most delicate stomach. In case a babe cannot have the natural supply, Ridge's Food is the best substitute. It is quickly prepared and therefore may always be fresh and of uniform richness. By observing the SPECIAL DIRECTIONS, this food can be adapted to all the various needs of infantile life.

It cannot cause acidity or wind.

For young children, it is invaluable, as from its purity, strength, and great nourishing properties, being peculiarly and thoroughly cooked in its manufacture, it will furnish a full meal for a growing child.

It is nourishing, satisfying, and children like it.

Many persons who from dyspepsia and other disorders of the digestive organs have almost starved because they could not retain or properly digest food of various kinds, have regained perfect health and strength by the use of Ridge's Food.

Especially in cases of CHOLERA INFANTUM, Chronic Diarrhoea, and all diseases of the Bowels, the use of Ridge's Food is invaluable. Not only has it an agreeable flavor, but the system will retain and assimilate it when everything else fails.

Ridge's Food possesses all the nutritive, nourishing, and strengthening properties of Oat Meal, Groat, and Barley, but is not like them objectionable on account of being unpalatable, laxative, exciting, and heating; on the contrary, it is neutral in its action, pleasing to the taste, and possesses no objectionable features in its action upon the whole system.

Remember that Ridge's Food has been in use for thirty years in England and America. Thousands of children have been successfully reared upon it, and no amount of slanderous insinuations from competitors that have arisen can strip it of its wide and well-earned reputation.

Ridge's Food is sold by all first-class Druggists. In cans, 50c., 75c., \$1.25, and \$1.75.

Mothers and Nurses send for pamphlets to Manufacturers. Set of cards free for stamp.

Be sure and get Ridge's Food. Take no other.

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